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THE AUTHORISED
LIFE STORY *of*
PRINCESS MARINA



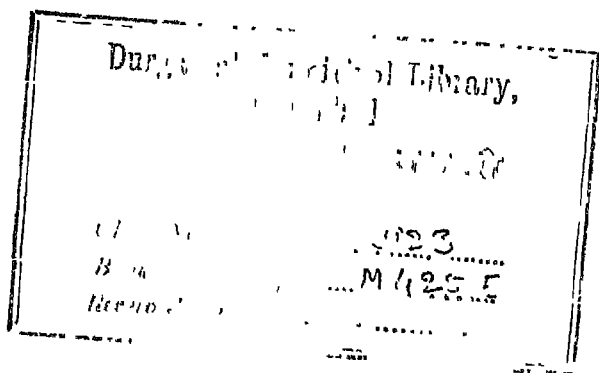
Princess Marina at the present time

THE AUTHORISED
LIFE STORY *of*
PRINCESS MARINA

BY
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I

Princess Marina's First Days

So often during the many years that it has been my great privilege to meet our new Princess in the intimacy of her family circle, I hoped she might one day become an English Princess. It was with real delight then that I heard the announcement of her engagement from her family which "they knew would give me great joy, as it had given them joy."

Chartering an aeroplane, I flew to the scene of the Royal Romance, Prince Paul's lovely home in Jugoslavia, to offer my congratulations to the bride, and my humble thanks to the royal bridegroom for giving England this exquisite bride; for Princess Marina is as beautiful in mind and character as she is in feature and form.

The story of this Royal Romance is a beautiful one, and one that should appeal

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especially to English people; for it is not only a love story—and all the world loves a lover—but the story of a royal lady regaining the happiness she so richly deserves. The daughter of two great European houses, she has been very carefully brought up by her parents, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, and educated for the part she had every right to suppose would be hers. When the Greek dynasty was exiled, Princess Marina had to follow her parents, and that at the most impressionable moment of a girl's life. Most certainly then, those tragic days, in striking contrast to her happy childhood, must be firmly stamped on her memory.

With great dignity, without self-pity, and without a complaint, like her parents, she accepted her fate as the will of God. Like them, never losing faith or hope, she learnt her hard lesson. But sorrow, like success, cannot spoil Princess Marina; schooled as she has been in the dictates of righteousness and truth, and the responsibilities of true royalty in the service of others; quite on the contrary, it strengthens and gives balance to

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characters of sterling worth.

And now once more, when she steps back to the exalted station in which she was born, her years of exile will give her an understanding of life—of joy as well as of suffering—which will take her straight into the heart of the whole nation.

Already, on her semi-official visit to London, she has shown us how well she can play her part. For years she has gone about Paris, her home, accompanied, it is true, and she has left the capital and returned to it as unnoticed as any pretty girl could be. Now she has to face photographers and cinema-operators wherever she goes. They have even pushed their way into her private house. The kind and dignified way in which she has submitted to this forced indiscretion and allowed everyone to share her happiness has certainly endeared her to the hearts of them all.

The Royal Romance sounds like one of those fairy-tales the Princess has loved from her childhood—a story of love and faith and virtue rewarded. “They loved, and married, and lived happily ever after”—but her story

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has this advantage, it is a fairy-tale that has come true, and the British nation is indeed to be congratulated on its new Princess.

* * *

Princess Marina was born, according to the Greek calendar, on November 30th, 1906 (new style, December 13th). Unlike her two sisters, Princess Olga (Princess Paul of Yugoslavia) and Princess Elizabeth (Countess Toerring-Jettenbach), she was not born at Tatoï, the simple, elegant summer residence near Athens which King George I of Greece purchased with his own money and adapted according to his own taste to be the family home.

Here the Greek Royal family—one of the most united in the world, and particularly now, since their exile—met in the intimacy of family life.

Here they cast aside all etiquette and court ceremony, and here all the family fêtes were celebrated; Tatoï is now, for them all, a home of many happy memories.

Princess Marina was born at her father's and mother's palace in Athens; the palace

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which was given to them as a wedding gift, for they were both his relatives, by the late Emperor of Russia. Throughout the land this palace was known as a home of perfect taste, as the sketches which the Prince made of the palace at the time will show. It was filled with art treasures of real value, and was the home of an artist.

At the same time, it was one of the most comfortable houses in Athens; it even had water laid on, a real luxury in the capital; and Prince Nicholas had the opportunity of introducing many English customs into his household. For example, it was he who started the custom of having clean-shaven servants.

When the Prince and his family went into exile the home he had arranged with such care and taste, was converted into an hotel de luxe, now it belongs to the Italian Legation.

Unlike her sisters, whose coming into the world had been heralded with great joy, the arrival of Princess Marina was darkened by moments of great anguish, for the life of the royal mother was in danger.

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"She was indeed a dear child," said her father, "for she nearly cost her mother her life!"

But to everyone's delight, Princess Nicholas's life was spared, though for a long time she was too ill to take part in any public function, and had to leave her little daughter to the care of an English lady, Miss Fox, very carefully selected for the difficult task of educating a Princess.

Miss Fox was kind, competent, and firm. She loved her beautiful little charges, and her authority was loyally upheld by the Prince and Princess. She remained with the family until Princess Olga was married, and every summer she goes to Jugoslavia to spend her holidays with "her children."

Miss Fox was not only devotion itself to her royal charges, but they were able to test her sterling worth in the days of their exile. She was no "fair-weather" friend of the royal family, and they reward her now, as they have rewarded all their friends in exile, with sentiments of sincere gratitude.

Prince Nicholas, as a boy, was taught by his father King George I that he must not

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expect, as a royal Prince, to escape obligations or ask for favours. Quite on the contrary, because of his royal birth he had much to be forgiven by others, and the great privilege of royalty was to be of service to others.

On these principles his own children were brought up, and at the same time schooled in the laws of British hygiene, British self-control, British fair play in sport, with also the immense advantages of Greek culture.

During the Grand Duchess Helen's (Princess Nicholas) illness, Princess Olga, who was three and a half years older, took upon herself to mother her little sister, a rôle, which she has played ever since.

It was while accompanying Princess Paul to England, where she comes frequently to bring her young son Prince Alexander to school, that Princess Marina met the Duke of Kent, then Prince George, a personal friend of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia.

As a little girl, Princess Olga's greatest delight was to hold her little sister in her arms; she, like both her sisters, was passionately fond of babies, and told her father that

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when she grew up "she would have *at least* a hundred."

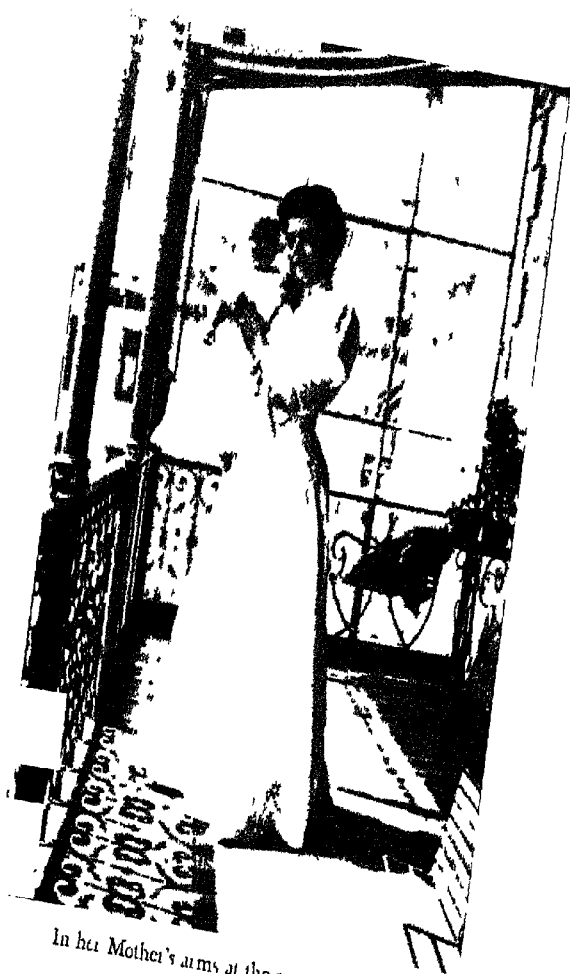
One day, when she had been particularly good, with Miss Fox beside her, Princess Olga was photographed holding her little sister in her arms. This charming photograph is in one of the albums which the Grand Duchess has faithfully kept of all her children's doings and which is a delightful pictorial diary.

Princess Marina has played the same rôle towards her sister's children as her sister played towards her, and she tells me that her two nephews are "just too adorable." And they on their side make the same remark about their aunt, particularly now when they are looking forward to coming to the wedding.

The Bride's mother, Princess Nicholas, has always been a most unselfish mother.

"In the old days, when I needed money," she said, "I just sent a secretary to fetch it."

Then, when the whole wealth of the Romanoffs was confiscated by the Soviet Government, and the Princess had to study ways and means very carefully, she has at



In her Mother's arms at the age of one year



Two pictures of Princess Marina as a young child with
her Mother, Princess Nicholas (lower)

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the same time found the money to help her own compatriots, who come to her with all their sorrows, moral and material.

With her daughters' consent, she sold some of the valuable jewels her mother the Grand Duchess Vladimir left to her, and bought a little property at St. Germain-en-Laye, to house the children of Russian workers. This home so well administered is directed by a Russian ex-general.

From an early age, the Grand Duchess taught the Princesses not only to respect their father, as the head of the house, but to go out of their way to show him all sorts of little acts of kindness, consideration, and courtesy; a custom from which they have never departed.

The Princesses were carried daily to their father, placed on cushions on the floor, and allowed to play with him for a while. He loved having them, and it was a great treat to them; if they were naughty, however, they had to be deprived of this pleasure, for they had to learn to obey and accept strict discipline.

The Princesses are now grateful to their

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parents for the firm yet affectionate way in which they were brought up—it is so much less trouble to give way to wilful children; and Princess Olga in her turn brings her children up in the same manner.

Wherever the Princesses are, at home or travelling, they telephone to their parents every day to tell them all they are doing and to ask their advice if necessary. Every evening you see the Grand Duchess hurrying home to get her telephone call, and the Prince, in case you should feel uncomfortable, explains to you: "It is time to have news of the children."

Quite recently Princess Marina told me that nothing had given her greater joy than the love of her unselfish mother and her charming cultured father.

Princess Marina's name is not Russian, as the papers have declared. Marina is the name of a Greek saint, and there are many churches in Greece, in Athens itself, if I remember rightly, dedicated to this saint.

King George I of Greece, because he was a Dane who had become a Greek, impressed on every member of his large family that

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they must always remember he had been asked to come and found a dynasty, and for that reason they must do all in their power to pay compliments to the people of the country which would henceforward be theirs.

And what higher compliment could they have paid to the people of their country than to dedicate the life of a beautiful little girl to a much-loved saint?

Unlike her sister, Princess Olga, who is very fair, and unlike her sister Princess Elizabeth, who is dark, Princess Marina is neither dark nor fair. She is tall and slight, and has her Imperial mother's carriage. She has perhaps not quite acquired her mother's manner, but that will come; and she has, like her mother, more than beauty, and that which time cannot take from her, and that is "race" and charm.

The Princess has her mother's brown eyes, though paler, surrounded by a ring of her father's grey-green—a very curious combination, strange and at the same time very fascinating; and the corners of her eyes turn up to meet her descending and beautifully

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pencilled brows, absolutely un-made up.

I am afraid I have been guilty of fixing my eyes too intently on the Princess, whose face fascinates me, for after all, I, too, am an artist.

Fearing that his daughter was having too much admiration, and might lose some of that un-selfconsciousness which is one of her great charms, Prince Nicholas thought that a little judicious teasing might be good for her, and so he told her that the eyes, about which people had written, were, after all, only "trout's eyes."

Princess Marina replied by doing a very clever caricature of her father, exaggerating his baldness and the shape of his head, and she arranged his ears like the sails of a boat. Her caricatures are decidedly satirical.

Another time, the royal father asked his daughter if she really thought that she was good-looking. With a mischievous glance at her distinguished-looking father, she replied without hesitation: "Darling angel, when I look at you I'm thankful I am no worse."

When he reproached her with riding too

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much, she answered: "You taught me to have consideration for others, and now when I find the King of Jugoslavia's horses need exercise, and am prepared to give it to them, you tell me that I ride too much!"

Princess Marina is full of fun, though never lacking in dignity, and her talent as a mimic will always help her out of any difficulty.

Once when she was being corrected by her father for some tiny misdeed, for he was very strict, she seized some scarves, and dressing herself up as an Oriental monarch, she gave her father a demonstration of "the Emperor Tutankhamen condemning his slave to death." The Prince naturally could do nothing but laugh.

Princess Marina was her grandfather, King George I's, favourite grandchild. He loved them all, it is true, but he loved her particularly because she was the youngest and was such a self-possessed little person. When she saw him coming, she ran across the room without fear, and after having curtsied to him succeeded in climbing on to his knee to demand a story.

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She is still fond of stories, in books as well as at the cinema, and since her engagement she has been busy reading English history with her fiancé.

How much the Royal bridegroom appreciated history and art before his engagement we cannot tell; but he certainly has done so ever since. Before his engagement we used to consider the Duke of Kent our Royal authority on art. Now his interest will be doubled, since his fiancée is an artist.

Before the Princess could read, Miss Fox used to tell her fairy-stories in English.

She knows all our fairyland heroines from Red Riding Hood to Cinderella; she knows Alice in Wonderland by heart, and has taught her sister's children our nursery rhymes. And although she says her prayers in Greek, she has always said "Our Father" in English.

"You see," she said, "English was the first language I ever spoke."

At seven, Princess Marina began her lessons in earnest. Unlike an English girl, she, as a Greek girl, had to know languages, and besides speaking English and Greek as

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family languages, she had also to speak German, French, and Italian.

Kyria Anna taught her Greek, Mademoiselle Perrin French, and Miss Fox, as well as being in charge of her, taught her English, until later she had professors in literature and art, in which branches of learning she has gone very far.

As a portrait-painter she has shown real talent.

She gets a very good likeness, and has a good sense of colour, but her father considered it would be better for her not to have an exhibition in London, which was one of her great wishes, until her work had been exhibited and criticised as his work was exhibited and criticised, *without* her royal name.

Princess Marina learnt very quickly, but according to the high standard set for her by her royal father, she had not sufficient concentration.

"You know all the names of the cinema stars," her father reproached her, "but you don't seem to take the trouble to remember the names of the Kings of England!"

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Now she will have an admirable opportunity of learning the history of England in the best possible manner for an artist, and that is from the portraits at Windsor!

It must not be forgotten that Princess Marina has lived in the neighbourhood of the Acropolis. One of her first drawings was of a celebrated antique, which was a great favourite of Queen Alexandra and which Prince Nicholas himself has often drawn. One sees the influence of these exquisite Greek lines in the dresses that she chooses.

Great interest was always taken by the Royal family in the excavations. When any new discovery was made in the realm of archæology, the little Princess was taken with her sisters to see it, long before they understood what archæology meant.

She also studied Byzantine religious art with her father, whilst her mother was indefatigable in her efforts to establish, as she did, a successful school of Greek needlework and other Greek arts and crafts, and interested her children in this form of art.

All the Greek Royal family have always been particularly fond of the theatre. When

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the Princess came to London with her sister incognito, they went to most of the plays.

Her father had his own theatre, the Royal Theatre at Athens.

Not only was he actor-manager, but he wrote many of the plays himself, and produced them. A staircase led from the Royal box to the stage, so that he could go during the performance and offer suggestions to the actors.

Some of the world's greatest artists have performed on this stage, including Sarah Bernhardt and Monnet-Sully. The theatre was a real joy to the Royal children, and it has been considered a necessary part of their education.

Prince Nicholas has written plays for his own children to act, in private, of course, and these were acted at Christmas and other great fête days; and so Princess Marina's judgment in art, in the theatre, and in music is not the judgment of an amateur.

Like her sisters, Princess Marina has had her critical faculties sharpened by constant discussion of the topics of the day in the family circle. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia is

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most widely-read, and not only do they all read the best books and plays of the day, but their criticism of these by people of such different personalities is both interesting and original.

As children, the Princesses always visited their Russian grandparents in July and August, and they were on their way back from Russia when the War broke out and they had an eventful journey.

Princess Marina was too young to appreciate Russia, but she still remembers her nice-smelling Russian leather boots, and wide, well-carpeted Russian Royal train, where they played hide-and-seek, and looked after their dolls, and above all their maternal grandmother, who adored them and overwhelmed them with presents.

In Russia, although she was only two years old, Princess Marina showed signs of shyness, and cried when brought into the presence of older people.

This her mother would not allow; so she was put in a room by herself to cry alone, her mother waiting in the next room anxiously listening, till the little girl should

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cease crying and come back and face the guests without tears.

Suddenly the crying ceased, the Grand Duchess rushed in to see what was the matter. She found her, seated on her grandfather's knee, quite at ease, and without the least intention of coming to say that she was sorry. Considering that the Grand Duke had not extended such an honour to his own children, the story was repeated over and over again.

Nevertheless, the training must have been very efficacious, for the two elder little Princesses, who went to see the Sultan Abdul Hamid with their father and mother on a State visit, faced the terrible old monarch without the least sign of shyness or fear.

Abdul Hamid exclaimed, "They are like little angels," and the pictures reproduced here show that his judgment was certainly correct.

In this united Greek family, it is at Christmas and Easter and other great fêtes that the Princesses have particularly remembered their happy home days in Athens: and in exile they have always endeavoured to meet

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in order to celebrate these great days together.

On Christmas Eve, about six o'clock, all the presents used to be put out on tables. Each person, from the Queen down to each grandchild and each servant, had a table for presents. These presents, with a Christmas-tree, were kept in a room with the door locked, and nobody was allowed to go in until the night of the festivity.

Then the King of Greece rang a bell, and the doors were thrown back, and the big tree was a blaze of light, and all the little grandchildren screamed with delight at what was to them a glimpse of fairyland, with their presents heaped up on the tables.

Queen Alexandra never forgot to send the children presents for Christmas, and before they went to bed that great Royal lady, Queen Olga, took them into her own little chapel to hear Vespers, and to thank God for all the nice things He had sent them. In exile they have followed this custom as much as possible, and keep Christmas and Easter particularly with as much solemnity as possible.

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One feels sorry that the Royal bride, who will shortly be re-living with her bridegroom all the scenes of his childhood, cannot in her turn take him to the home she loved so much in Greece, and particularly Tatoï, which meant so much to all of them. As an English Princess she has every right to do so, but could she really bear it? I remember, on one of my journeys through Greece, I brought back with me a box of oleanders, gathered under the window where the children played, and reduced them all to tears.

Anyone who has visited Greece naturally longs to go there again. What, then, must be the feelings of this dynasty, whose blood is not Greek, but who made this country their own? And by doing so, raised the prestige of Greece throughout the world.

II

Princess Marina in her English Nursery in Athens

ALTHOUGH the three Princesses of Greece—Princess Olga, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marina—have always been brought up with a great affection for England and everything English, Princess Marina is the most English of them.

This is quite comprehensible, because the Grand Duchess Helen was seriously ill at the time of her birth, and for a long time afterwards and during her visits to Franzensbad, she was obliged to leave her little daughter in Miss Fox's care. English, therefore, was the first language the Princess spoke.

She sang English nursery rhymes before any other songs; she said her prayers in English before she learnt them in Greek; and Miss Fox sincerely endeavoured, though in vain, to make her play "Rule, Britannia"

and "Bonnie Dundee."

It is strange that the Princess, who is so fond of music, and who, even in her childhood, used to sit for hours listening to her cousin Prince Paul of Greece and her uncle Prince Christopher, both expert pianists, playing even classical music, herself never had any talent for music.

Her father used to beg her, at least, to try to play; but the Princess said, when she heard him playing "Dickery-Dickery-Dock" and "Cock Robin," mostly with one finger, she decided to leave the piano to people who could treat it better than she was able to do.

By the way, it is not generally known that one of the Princess's four godmothers is Queen Mary. Our Queen's christening gift to her godchild was a silver mug and bowl and spoon, which were a great delight to the little girl, and in these her porridge and cream was served every day.

When she was very naughty, her meal was served in another bowl, for to be deprived of Queen Mary's present made her feel her punishment very keenly.

The years Miss Fox spent in the Prince

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Nicholas's household she declares were the happiest in her life, but her work was not easy. She had made up her mind to do the very best she could for the health and upbringing of her pupils, according to the principles of the Norland Institute, but there was always a great deal of opposition from the grandparents on both sides as to the way the children were brought up.

King George of Greece particularly objected, and even protested to his son, about the little girls being left in the sun, clad only in large sun-bonnets and little shirts. His Majesty feared their complexions would be ruined for ever, and this was very serious.

Prince and Princess Nicholas replied that they had every confidence in the judgment of Miss Fox. All the Princesses' complexions prove the success of the English experiment.

Before the serious fact that she left the windows open at night, sponged the little girls with cold salt water, massaged their limbs and made them do physical exercises, their maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, accused her of



The little Princesses being given their first riding lesson



An informal family snapshot at a
later time



The pensive Princess when 2½ years old. A characteristic attitude which she adopts even to day

IN HER ENGLISH NURSERY IN ATHENS

inefficiency, and told her her services were no longer necessary; and at that period, in Russia, such a charge against anyone in the Royal household was very serious.

At that time, too, Miss Fox had great difficulty in installing the Royal nurseries on English lines. There was a big night nursery and a big day nursery, but no baths, and every drop of water had to be carried up to the tubs.

There were no baths at all in the King's Palace where Princess Olga was born, but many baths were put in Prince Nicholas's Palace, which was built later.

King George, who with Queen Olga set the family traditions, and who was only a young, inexperienced Danish naval officer of eighteen when he was called upon by the big Powers to become King of Greece, determined from the very first that he and his family should be truly Greek.

Miss Fox often wished that King George had loved Greece a little less—or, at least, that he had allowed more competent people to arrange her nurseries for her. All the workmen had to be Greek, and all the

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women attendants had to be Greek; and although they probably did their best according to their lights, she had to supervise them with the greatest care.

She brought over Monkey Brand from England, and, not satisfied with the way in which the tubs were cleaned out, she scrubbed them herself. This obviously disparaging criticism of their work, and the picture of the monkey on the soap, did not please the servants; and always, with these Balkan people, one has to be careful not to offend their superstitions.

No one quite understands how many primitive drawbacks the court of King George I presented. Yet when he got back to Athens from the luxury of Buckingham Palace and the old Bristol in Paris, he said Athens was just as good as any other capital, and there was no home on earth like Tatoi. And in this he was sincere.

It took many years before the Royal Palace in Athens was modernised by sanitary improvements and comforts.

When Prince Nicholas brought Princess Marina's mother from the splendour of the

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Russian Court, he felt conscience-stricken, for he knew the simplicity of the Court in Greece, where luxury was unknown, and comfort, at that period, very often absent.

Nevertheless, the Grand Duchess, like her mother-in-law, Queen Olga, at once threw in her lot with the people of her new country, and did without luxury, never even missing it.

Princess Marina as a child was very much what she is to-day. She is still the pensive and observant Princess, thinking things out carefully for herself, that she was when she was two and a half years old; she still unconsciously puts her finger under her chin when she takes her flights into dreamland.

At two, she was very much older than her years, and then, as now, very capable of defending herself; then, as now, her sense of humour could get her out of any difficulty.

Her first ambition was to be a Norland nurse. She used to put on a little apron and cap, made by herself, and her medals, and, paying particular attention to the way she tucked in the sheets, and laying them on the

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correct side, she carefully put her dolls to bed.

With her great gift for mimicry, which has increased as she grew older, Princess Marina could imitate Miss Fox's every action, so that Miss Fox had to be very careful what she said and did; and now Princess Marina is able to give wonderful impersonations of many of her relations and friends . . . but it is, perhaps, wiser not to state names.

The Princess was always a strong-willed little person, and from the first was most particular about the clothes she wore. Unlike her sisters, who didn't mind much if their hair got untidy—particularly Princess Elizabeth, who was a real tomboy—Princess Marina insisted on her hair being properly brushed, and she would not leave the nursery unless her bows were properly tied and also her sash.

For some reason or other, Princess Marina disliked the Kate Greenaway costume, yet Miss Fox had decided to have her photograph taken in this costume and was determined to have her own way. However, when the Princess was face to face with the



Princess Marina and her father, Prince Nicholas



The Princesses were always happy playmates

camera and told to smile, she deliberately made the most tragic grimace, which she often makes on the most solemn occasions, and the photograph was not a success.

On another occasion, determined to get her own way, she sat down on the tram-lines in Athens, and refused to move. She was carried off by force, and her father declared that as it was such a serious offence he would whip her if she did it again. On the very next day she did it again.

So Miss Fox went to fetch Prince Nicholas, and insisted on his keeping his promise. The father went into the nursery, had a look at her, scolded her, came out laughing, and simply said: "Foxey, you must do the whipping yourself—I simply can't."

The Princess's greatest talent, of course, is art. As soon as she could hold a pencil she began to draw, and drew quite well. When scarcely able to speak she was attracted by the old Bavarian frescoes in the Athens Palace; their bright colours charmed her.

She also noticed the statues and her childish and sane outlook was unspoiled by

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the Puritan idea that the nude was a form of sin and therefore forbidden; to her the nude has always been perfectly natural.

At Arithmetic and Mathematics the Princess was no good at all—or, rather, they didn't interest her, and where she had no interest she had no success. Miss Fox tried to teach her to put her accounts in order, and although the amounts were generally wrong, the balance of her pocket money was invariably in her own favour; and in this, also, she has not changed.

Few young girls, however, can sew and embroider as the Princess has done. As a child she made her dolls' clothes and embroidered them with the greatest care and with original designs; and she could easily have made her own clothes, but she has always been dressed by the best Paris houses and she gives the designers great assistance in making her dresses always simple, always elegant, and with the long Grecian lines which accentuate her slight, tall, and graceful figure.

As a little girl, Princess Marina could, as she does now, put on her clothes perfectly;

IN HER ENGLISH NURSERY IN ATHENS

and her sisters, though older by two and a half and three and a half years respectively—a big gap in childhood—always deferred to her better judgment in all forms of dress and art.

Princess Marina, as a child, was particularly successful at hairdressing; she practised first on her dolls, then on her sisters and cousins, who had to be her victims, as well as her models, whether they liked it or not.

Quite recently, in Jugoslavia, English friends called on the two Princesses and complained that they could not find a hairdresser, and asked Princess Olga if it would be indiscreet to ask her for the address of her own.

Princess Olga replied: "Most certainly—my sister."

As a manicurist, Princess Marina is also expert. She could at any time earn her living as a manicurist and hairdresser.

The Princess's talent as a dancer is well known in Greece. She used to invent steps and dances of her own, and watched the peasants' dances with great delight, repeating them when she returned home.

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She loved the picturesque costume of the Greek Guard (Evzoni), with their quaint kilts (fustanella), and she must recently have found some resemblance in their dances to the Scotch dances, as well as the Scotch kilts, which must also have made them doubly attractive.

Princess Marina was always the family ringleader in getting up theatrical performances. She used to conduct the family rehearsals with energy and decision, and though her cousins were much older, she used to exclaim to them: "Oh! why can't you do as you are told!"

Once she organised a fête of music, dancing and theatricals, which was attended by King Constantine and Queen Sophie, and Queen Olga, her grandmother, and her dances, much in the style of Pavlova, were highly appreciated. I wonder whether, had Fate demanded that she must earn her own living, Princess Marina would have been more successful as a portrait-painter or as a dancer?

All the Greek Royal children were very religiously brought up. The Danish grand-

IN HER ENGLISH NURSERY IN ATHENS

father, King George I, always remained a Protestant to the day of his death. He had his own little Protestant chapel in the Palace; he read his Bible twice daily, and marked his place in the Danish Bible with a ribbon of the Order of the Daneborg.

After his assassination, this Bible, so carefully marked and annotated, was one of Queen Olga's greatest treasures. A simple stone monument with a cross was placed by the royal lady on the spot where the King was killed, and as long as the dynasty remained in Greece a little light was kept burning, as a sign of religious respect for the departed King.

The Royal children and grandchildren were all brought up in Queen Olga's faith, that of the Greek Orthodox Church. They were never allowed to disobey one of its laws, and even to-day, in memory of Queen Olga, not one of them would miss church or go to a theatre in Lent, and they all keep the prescribed fasts.

Considering the stern religious upbringing they all had, the pendulum might have swung, as it so often does, to the other side;

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and that they, even in exile, and in a country where it costs something in time and effort to find an Orthodox church, should still rigorously follow all their religious exercises, is a compliment to the tact of the saintly royal lady, Queen Olga, and the loyalty of her children and grandchildren.

His Protestant religion did not prevent King George I of Greece from always taking part in the Orthodox ritual, and the many *Te Deums* which were sung on all fête days and festive occasions. Before any great state occasions he always made the sign of the Cross, according to the Greek Orthodox rite.

His grandchildren, and particularly Princess Marina, who was very religious, did the same; yet the Princess is also superstitious and dislikes travelling on Fridays.

Contrary to what one expects, Princess Marina and her sisters seemed fonder of the Old than of the New Testament stories. The narrative of David and Goliath was a great favourite of theirs, and Princess Marina used to clap her hands with delight at Miss Fox's graphic description of the little peasant boy throwing the stone that

brought the great Goliath to his end.

She christened some of the Greek servants David, and when she came across a very tall one, she referred to him as Goliath.

Another favourite tale was that of "Joseph and his brethren." Princess Marina had a sleepless night when she first heard of the wrongs that Joseph's brethren did to him, and she woke Miss Fox up very early in the morning to tell her of a great decision she had come to with regard to Joseph's brethren—which was that when she went to Russia she would tell her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, all about it, and have them punished.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir was a great personage in St. Petersburg. She had a famous "salon" where she received the highest in the land, including the foreign diplomatists and everyone of importance from all over the world. She entertained in place of the Empress, who preferred a quiet life within her own family circle.

The Grand Duchess set the fashions in dress, as well as literature and art; she laid down the law and insisted on being obeyed.

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This story, then, coming from a child, shows what a keen observer the Princess was, even in those days.

The little Princess was very intrigued about the presence of God. "Is God everywhere?" she asked. "Yes," answered her governess. "Is He in this room?" "Yes." "Beside you?" "Yes." "Then get up and walk across the room," requested the little girl. "Perhaps He will follow you, and then I will see Him. I would like to know what He is like."

Another time, when Princess Marina was told she must say to God, "I'm sorry," she answered, "If He knows everything, He knows already, so what's the use of my telling Him?"

Then, as now, she had an answer for everything.

Princess Marina's two elder sisters tried to dictate to her, but she always held her own. She longed to be as fearless a rider as her sister Princess Elizabeth.

One day her English groom, Taylor, had orders to let her ride slowly on her pony. To his horror, however, he saw her gallop-



The Princesses share in a great game of making hay



A charming family group showing Prince and Princess Nicholas with their little daughters, the Princesses Olga, Elizabeth and Marina

ing after her sister, Princess Elizabeth, and before he could stop her, she had jumped right over a fence. He said he was very proud of her when she was over, but his heart was in his mouth!

Like her father, Princess Marina is always ready to find an excuse for everyone. And one must pay this great tribute to her, that even after she had been punished, she never sulked; and in this she has not changed. One day Princess Elizabeth told her she had asked God to send her a son, and though she had prayed every day for a week, nothing had happened.

"You must give Him time," advised Princess Marina. "He can't have had time to make half a boy yet." Someone then presented the little Princess with a doll called Peter, and Peter became a real son to her.

It was not until she was well over three that Princess Marina was called "Your Royal Highness" by servants, and, alluding to herself as a princess, she asked what it meant.

"Do away with all that nonsense," her parents told Miss Fox. "She must be just an

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ordinary little girl until she can understand the responsibilities of royalty."

When Miss Fox told her she must bow when she drove through the cheering crowd, she answered, "No, I won't; it hurts my neck."

"But you must," she was told. "It would be dreadful for people to say that Father and Mother's little girl is rude."

The next time she drove through a crowd who cheered her, to everybody's amusement she held up her doll and let the doll do the bowing instead. The Greek people still tell these stories with great affection.

When the Princesses were still very young, Miss Fox brought them to Bognor. There is no seaside, in the English sense of the word, in either Greece or Russia, and Greece is at times too hot for the health of young children.

At Bognor they enjoyed their games on the sands, building castles, burying each other, collecting shells, bathing, and leading the lives of ordinary little English girls. They always speak of their days at Bognor and Westgate as ones of real happiness.

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Princess Olga has already taken her own children to the English seaside, and they had almost the same impression of England as their mother and her sisters—the big steamer, the sands, and the sea, so different from their own land.

Princess Marina was asked when she was a child which she liked best—England or Greece; she answered: “I love England, I love Greece.”

“And where would you rather live?” they asked. “In England or Greece?”

She answered again, “In England and Greece”; and in this again, she has not changed.

In summing up the first years of Princess Marina’s life, one has again to pay tribute to her parents, and the careful way in which they have brought up their children. How different life would have been for them all, but particularly for Princess Marina, without her English nurse; and how different life would have been for them all had not Miss Fox’s authority been upheld by their parents.

When the Grand Duchess returned from Franzensbad, her little daughter was shy,

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and not knowing her, clung to Miss Fox. Miss Fox was much embarrassed, and excused herself.

The Grand Duchess, who is a *Grande Dame* in all she does and says, answered: "Neither the child nor the child's parents will ever be able to thank you enough for all you have done; that she should love you is only natural."

And not only by showing her gratitude and affection for the English nurse has the Grand Duchess set her daughters a fine example.

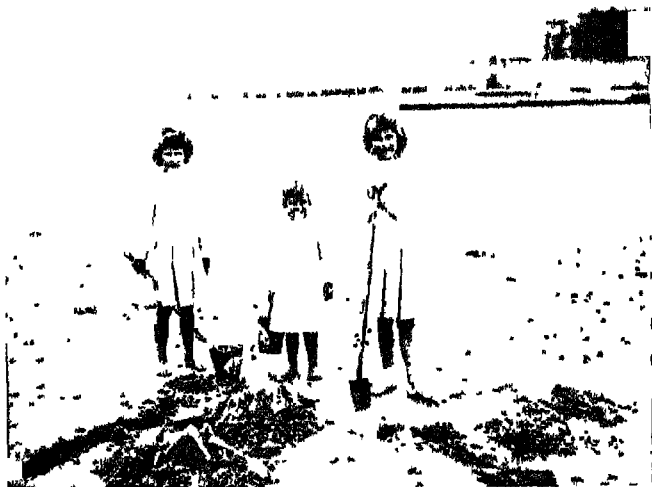
By her love of her family, her deep understanding of life and difficult situations, her faith, and hope, and charity, she has given our new Princess lessons which will be of the greatest value in her new life.



The Princesses were companions ever



Princess Marina building a sand castle at Bognor,
in 1911



The Princesses on the, easily recognisable, Bognor sands

III

Princess Marina—a Happy Schoolgirl

AMONG the many gifts which Princess Marina possesses, one must not forget her talent for letter-writing. She is observant, she has wit, and her letters to her family, often profusely illustrated, particularly during her childhood, have always been hailed with delight by them.

For these letters are not only full of news, but clever remarks, so quaintly expressed. When you see her parents in fits of laughter, reading a letter, you can guess, without being told, who is the writer!

Letter-writing, in this age of hurry and bustle and cinemas and jazz, is a dying art; and I know few to-day who, like the Princess, so thoroughly enjoy writing letters and keeping extensive diaries. And now that she is coming to live amongst us, what

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interesting letters she will write to her mother!

After the Grand Duchess's recovery from her serious illness, she and Prince Nicholas were looking forward to spending many happy years quietly with their children. They had just installed themselves in their comfortable palace, and the little princesses were wild with excitement as each new art treasure or piece of furniture arrived.

They watched the installation of their own modern nurseries and school-room (for they were now "big girls"), so luxurious and elegant in comparison with the old palace in Athens where their grandfather had lived, before its improvements could be carried out.

From their earliest age the children were taught to respect their King and Queen. On Sundays, after lunch, they always paid a ceremonial visit to their grandparents; and on this, a red-letter day in their week, they had to be well dressed and on their very best behaviour.

But on other days, every day, the little girls were taken to visit their grandfather and grandmother, and after King George's

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assassination, they still continued to visit their grandmother every day. These visits were great consolation to the Queen Mother in her cruel bereavement.

Queen Olga had such a charming way of entering into the lives of other people, and making people of all classes, ages, and countries feel at home; and her little grandchildren used to chat with her and tell her all their little joys and sorrows with perfect frankness.

It is very difficult to describe the childhood of Princess Marina, because in writing of her one has always to write of her sisters at the same time. It is very rare that three little girls of such different characters, and yet so much alike, should have been able to grow up in perfect harmony, and with such a deep love for one another; and yet not be separated when one of them married.

One wonders whether, at Princess Marina's wedding, which takes place the day before her birthday, her two sisters will remember how they sat so close together on the sofa in their father's palace, anxiously waiting to hear from Miss Fox whether God

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had sent a little brother or a little sister.

When they heard it was a little sister, they were overjoyed, and begged Miss Fox to let them immediately take her out to play with them. When, however, they saw how tiny she was (not very much bigger than their dolls), they longed for the happy day when she should join their little circle.

Prince Nicholas, who is still passionately fond of children, spent as much time as possible with his children, and helped to teach them all in turn to read.

He noticed that all three of them, when they began to read, pronounced syllables like "bo, ba, be," backwards; and that all three of them should have made the same mistake made him wonder whether he was, after all, a proficient teacher, or if this was a defect peculiar to his family. He was interested to hear later, from a professor of pedagogy, that this was quite natural.

One wonders if this is so, or whether the professor was merely trying to be agreeable to a "colleague"!

Prince Nicholas told me one day, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to

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bath his children. These little intrusions into the nursery were moments of great joy to his little daughters, because he told them stories whilst he soaped and dried them.

Although the children screamed for him to continue their toilet, he felt he could not trust his masculine fingers with either a needle or safety-pins and also the nurses would not allow it. When I repeated to the Prince that Miss Fox said he had not had the courage to whip them, he replied: "I did so over and over again, particularly Marina, because she was often naughty.

"And as they had to be frequently corrected, I kept a copy of *The Times* specially for this purpose. This journal is admirably suited to make them feel, yet not hurt."

I was very interested to learn that the policy of the dear old *Times* could be interpreted in this manner in a Greek Royal nursery!

Both the Prince and Princess used to go for many drives with their children; they on the one side of the carriage, and their three little daughters on the other. And what a

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handsome family party they made!

They used to drive from Athens to their grandfather's country house at Tatoï; they visited the Acropolis, and although only young children, their father would point out to them the beauties of Greek art.

Princess Marina was attracted by the exquisite Korai (maidens), with their mysterious smiles and beautifully-coloured tunics, which her father has so sincerely admired.

During the country drives, the Princesses were encouraged by their parents to talk to the country people, and whenever possible they bought a little piece of embroidery from the peasants with their own money. All the Balkan peoples excel in the making of peasant embroidery; it is difficult to say which country makes the finest. They all seem to be past masters in marshalling out the brightest of God's colours, and producing a fine piece of work.

Princess Marina, as a child, loved being dressed in peasant costume; and recently, in Jugoslavia, she and her sisters followed the example of the Queen of Jugoslavia and

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wore at the Court ball, according to the etiquette of the country, national costumes. What an interesting spectacle and brilliant display of colour these court balls are!

Although a Protestant, for he never changed his religion, King George I encouraged the custom of singing a *Te Deum* as often as possible. From a very early age, the little princesses were taken to the solemn singing of these *Te Deums*. The King's and Queen's birthdays, and all fête days in Athens, therefore, started with this religious obligation.

On the King's and Queen's birthdays at least twenty sheep were roasted on a spit for the poor and served at *Tatoï* on a table-cloth of fir-tree branches spread on the lawns, the peasants sitting cross-legged round the "table," clad in their picturesque costumes, eating their mutton with their fingers and drinking their wine out of the goblets which they specially brought from their homes in order to drink their King's wine.

Their costumes were always a delight to the young princesses, and a charming picture was recently reproduced of Princess Marina,

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photographed in the peasant vest of white cloth, heavily embroidered, and on her head a white kerchief with printed flowers in very bright colours, as well as one of her dressed as a Greek soldier with Princess Olga as a Red Cross nurse.

But unfortunately for the Prince and Princess, their delight at being with their children had to end; for on their return from one of their many visits to Russia, the first Balkan War started. Prince Nicholas, of course, joined the Commander-in-Chief of the Greek armies, his brother the Crown Prince, afterwards King Constantine, and they both went through a very strenuous campaign, which ended in the taking of Janina and Salonika.

The Grand Duchess Helen joined Queen Olga and her sisters-in-law in inaugurating the Red Cross hospitals, both in Athens and Salonika, where they worked throughout the war. They then decided it would be better to send the three little princesses, with Miss Fox, to join their maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, in Paris.

And so the sorrows of Greece were days

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of rejoicing for the royal children. For them the tragedy of war meant disorganised lessons, a trip to Paris, life in a big hotel, and a super-abundance of toys, dolls, and new clothes from their adoring grandmother.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir used to take them for drives in the Bois and have them frequently photographed, for which unpleasant operation she very liberally compensated them; for as a reward for sitting quietly and smiling, they went to what they loved more than anything in Paris, the Punch and Judy show in the Tuileries gardens.

And is there in any land a more delightful pastime for people of all ages than this excellent performance; or a finer picture than children, in the background of the historic gardens, lost to the world in admiration of their childhood hero? As the tragic history of Punch unfolded itself, the princesses used to clap their hands with delight.

An old friend of their father's, a rich Greek, used to fetch the Princesses to buy them toys. On one occasion, when he had been more than usually lavish, Princess Marina, looking up at him with a side glance

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and the mischievous and fascinating charm she still possesses, asked him whether he was quite sure he had enough pennies to pay for them!

From Paris, the little girls went on to Russia, and spent Christmas in their grandmother's palace. The Russian Christmas, in those days of religious liberty, very much resembled the Greek Christmas. It was a great festival for the entire family and everyone united round a huge tree, drooping with handsome gifts, and each person of the household, from the Grand Duchess to the servants, had in addition a table covered with presents.

The little Princesses bought for Miss Fox, with their own pocket money, a charming tea-service and they were very happy over buying this gift, and still more excited when they had presented it to her.

Then Princess Elizabeth spoilt the happy story, and called forth tears from her little sisters, because she suggested that with such a valuable gift in her possession, Miss Fox was sure to go away and marry and buy babies of her own.

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Princess Marina particularly was distressed at these views, and after saying she wished they had never put such a temptation in Miss Fox's way, she decided that the only way to save themselves from this disaster, was to ask Miss Fox to return the tea-service. By the way, she still has it.

The three little Princesses used to stand beside their grandmother when she presented the poor with their Christmas packets of tea; and they all of them decided that when they grew up they would like to be able to make Christmas presents to the poor. All these ceremonies in Russia were staged with great splendour.

Like all other children, the Princesses tried to persuade Miss Fox to let them stay up at night, but in vain. Princess Marina even suggested that God was too busy to listen to her prayers at seven o'clock, and that if she could sit up till nine or ten, when the other little boys and girls were asleep, God would have much more time to listen to her.

And so the little Princesses spent happy days far from the scenes of war and all the

horrors it brought with it, particularly in the Balkans.

The war had been going decidedly in favour of the Greeks. The Crown Prince, later King Constantine, had gained for himself what appeared like the eternal gratitude of the people by his masterly generalship, which culminated in the taking of the much-coveted port of Salonika; and King George's joy knew no bounds when, after years of hard work, suffering, and misunderstanding, and continual effort for the welfare of his people, he now saw the Greeks delivered from their servitude to Turkey, and Greece the proud possessor of Salonika.

In order that no political intrigues should wrest this great prize from Greece, the King took up his residence at Salonika; and Prince Nicholas, who had been appointed military governor of the newly-acquired port (a very difficult task at any time, but particularly then), had a house quite near his father.

Father and son saw one another daily, and often lunched together; and things were then going so well for Greece that the Grand Duchess decided to bring the children back

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and to meet them herself in Vienna.

King George went to the station himself to see her off, and declared, when he kissed her good-bye, that it was one of the proudest moments of his life to think that she was travelling on Greek soil and in a Greek train.

Alas, the Grand Duchess only got as far as Belgrade. A telegram announcing the assassination of King George, whom she had seen so short a while before, brought the Royal mother back before she had even had time to join her children.

Then it was decided that, as Princess Marina was too young to be present at her grandfather's funeral, she should go to the Crimea, where her aunt, the Grand Duchess George, possessed a beautiful lakeside villa; and where in the company of Miss Fox, she had the benefit of the good air and peaceful country life, far from the sorrow and mourning of the capital of Greece. The whole nation was numbed with grief for the loss of its much-loved king, the victim of a mad-man's bullet.

When the news was gently broken to the two older princesses, they did not at first

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understand; when, however, they reached Greece, they asked incessantly for their grandfather, and were told "that God needed him." But all the same, they had lost a real friend, and were heart-broken.

It happens to little princesses, as it happens to ordinary people, that often their first sorrow is the loss of a loved grandfather or grandmother.

When Princess Marina returned from the Crimea to Athens, she also immediately asked to see her grandfather, and would not be pacified with the explanation that "God needed him." She, too, cried incessantly for the grandfather who loved her so dearly, and whose stories had been the delight of her early childhood.

When the war was ended, and the Crown Prince had to return to Athens as King Constantine, as well as the victorious Commander-in-Chief of the Army the crowd went nearly mad with excitement.

Queen Olga replaced her mourning by white crêpe for the festive day, and the little girls, also clad in white, watched the procession from the Royal stables, and heard their

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uncle speak to his people from the balcony. These scenes, in any land, are always heart-stirring, but particularly so amongst an emotional people like the Greeks, whose feelings can be intensely roused.

After the festivities connected with the opening of the new reign, Prince Nicholas was no longer military governor of Salonika, and went to live with his family at a little villa he took in the neighbourhood of Athens, at Kifissia.

There the little Princesses were seriously put to their lessons again, and supervised by their father; and Princess Marina was obliged to speak Greek, which she had not had an opportunity of speaking during her travels, when her Greek studies had been seriously interrupted.

This country villa was a source of great delight to the children, for they had lessons in the garden, and Princess Marina disgraced herself by almost stripping a fig-tree, the contents of which she ate with her sisters. It is not only children who appreciate the delight of eating ripe figs "hot" from the trees, and figs always taste sweeter when they have

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been baking in the sun, and above all when the eating is forbidden.

I am told it was at this period that Princess Olga invited a little American boy of her own age to marry her; this happiness, however, he was obliged to decline, for he told her that he was already married, and had left his wife, "Mary," in America.

In her sister's sorrow, Princess Elizabeth was very sympathetic, but Princess Marina considered that her tears were wasted, and that she would soon find someone else only too willing to marry her and love her. The little Princess's words were prophetic!

"The garden with the figs" was a great delight to the little Princesses, who were also the happy possessors of a grey mongrel dog and a rabbit. They used to scream with delight when the mongrel puppy would try to catch the rabbit, and never succeeded.

They used to play, too, on the sands, and here, the six little Greek girls used to bathe together from Queen Sophie's own private bathing-hut. They went also for drives to Phaleron, which every lover of Greece,



On the sands at Bognor



On the sands at Cannes building a castle for herself
where 'she would invite only those she loved'.

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ancient and modern, can appreciate. It was there that the world-celebrated archæologist, Dr. Schliemann, lived for part of the year, in order to get good sea bathing, and people from all over the world came to see the excavator of the priceless treasures of the subterranean tomb of Agamemnon.

Princess Marina told me recently how much she had enjoyed picnics, and especially to the islands. Spezia in particular, though she is not sure why she loved Spezia more than any other of the Islands, each with its own distinctive charm and beautiful beyond words.

But then, most of Greece is beautiful, and all Greece is interesting; and the people, when unspoiled by politics, are delightful.

That so little was known of Princess Marina when she became engaged to Prince George is surely a tribute to her innate modesty and consideration for others.

When the announcement of the engagement was made, newspaper correspondents carefully combed the official cuttings, and beyond the fact that she was the daughter of her parents, and the sister of Princess

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Paul of Yugoslavia, they knew nothing much of her story they have in many cases invented.

That the Princess, during her many visits to England, kept within the bosom of her family, and her family kept itself strictly incognito out of diplomatic consideration for the relations existing between the Greek Republic and this country, proves how much tact they all possess.

As I have already shown, Princess Marina has had a decidedly cosmopolitan education. That this united family of so many nationalities and religions, could live together in peace and harmony, with a common bond of patriotism, shows what unselfishness and real Christian spirit must have prompted all the actions of King George and Queen Olga, who as first sovereigns of the new dynasty, established its traditions.

Imagine how difficult it must have been to be the mother-in-law, as Queen Olga was, of five daughters-in-law, each of a different nationality and religion; and yet there was not only peace amongst them, but real friendship and sympathy.

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Let us recall the fact that Queen Olga herself was the daughter of the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, and of the Orthodox faith. She married King George of Greece, who had been Prince William of Denmark until he was invited by the Powers to be King George I of Greece.

King Constantine, King George's eldest son, married a German princess, afterwards Queen Sophie. Prince George, the second son, married a French princess, Princess Marie Buonaparte; Prince Nicholas married the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia; Prince Andrew married Princess Alice Mountbatten; and Prince Christopher had an American wife, before marrying his present wife, Princess Françoise of France.

Princess Marina is what the Greeks know as "porphyrogenitos," that is "born under the purple," according to ancient tradition, and although they loved the simple manners of their dynasty, they were exceedingly proud to speak of the ancestry of the Reigning House.

And so, with the best blood of Russia and Denmark in her veins, with Greek and

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French culture, and, above all, English education, our new Princess ought to be prepared for any situation that can present itself.



Princess Marina
with her Father



and with Miss Fox, the English governess,
who played an important part in her
education



Miss Fox with the three Princesses

IV

The Trials of 1914

THE days before the outbreak of the Great War were the happiest the Greek Royal family ever spent in Greece. All the political strifes, which had been the undoing of Greece, were forgotten. The people, who had gone through sorrow and tribulation and come successfully through the Balkan War, united in a passionate admiration for King Constantine and all the Royal family.

In their turn, the Royal family did everything in their power to reorganise the country, where progress had been so retarded by many years of continual war.

The King's popularity was amazing. The people's gratitude for his victory showed itself in an admiration which must have been at times almost embarrassing. Whenever he left the Palace, he was literally "mobbed" by worshippers; when he entered the theatres or

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any public building he was cheered; and in a similar fashion all the members of the Royal family were treated.

The little Princesses were subjected to the same demonstrations, and during those days little Princess Marina had her first experience in the art of receiving the frenzied exuberations of a nation's enthusiasm.

As a little girl, she could handle a crowd quite successfully, and at that period "Aren't they lovely!" followed the Royal children everywhere they went. One feels sure, as she now hears those words all day long from an adoring people, Princess Marina thinks of those happy days in her beloved Greece.

It was the King's first Easter after the war, a season of the greatest rejoicing after weeks of strict fasting. For this most sacred festival of the Greek Church, special preparations had been made, and in many of the ceremonies, the little Princesses took an active part.

Easter in the Greek Church, as in the Roman Church, is a time of hope and resurrection and renewal, after despair and suffering and death. The little Princesses said the

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"Christos anesti" (Christ is risen), with all the fervour of thankfulness and desire for brotherhood you feel even towards the entire stranger who salutes you with "a holy kiss."

That Easter, Princess Marina speaks of as a year that impressed itself deeply on her memory; the flags, the garlands of myrtle, the lighting of the 1,000 candles, the loud pealing of the bells, the booming of the guns, the processions and the solemn lighting of the Pascal Candle were moments of great emotion for little girls brought up in the strict discipline of religion, and particularly for Princess Marina, the little artist who noticed all the details of these beautiful ceremonies.

After the age of ten, the little Princesses went to Easter Midnight Mass at the Palace Chapel; for many of the numerous ceremonies, however, they were too young.

What delighted them most was, perhaps, the custom of boiling eggs tied up in coloured ribbons and onion peel, and they vied with one another on seeing who could produce the most beautiful coloured eggs.

Eggs are so much part of the Greek and

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Russian Easter, that without them it would not seem like Easter at all.

Every Greek, however poor, had his lamb and red eggs; special charities were organised to provide these "necessities" for the poor; and Princess Marina, like the humblest peasant, clashed her eggs against those of her sisters and cousins and friends to see who could be lucky enough to break the other's egg. Strange custom—but one can well imagine a child's delight at this pastime.

Even the King broke eggs with as many of the soldiers as could approach him, and they kept the eggs broken by the King as a precious souvenir.

Then there were the presents of fancy eggs, all sorts and conditions of eggs, from plain chocolate eggs to jewels with precious stones. Princess Marina still loves these and wears them on Easter Sunday. Queen Olga, even in exile, had her show case of exquisite eggs of all sizes and qualities.

The season of 1914 was one of the most brilliant ever known in Greece. The little Princesses were, however, kept at their lessons (with frequent intervals for play),

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and their wise mother, who so carefully supervised their studies, particularly while Prince Nicholas was away on one of his many missions, insisted on their governess giving her a report every evening of her children's progress during the day.

This was particularly necessary with reference to Princess Marina, who had a genius for getting easily out of any difficulty, and her mother tried to check this facility for her good.

Her French at first was very quaint, and translated straight from English, with many comic results.

What is a diminutive of "canne," she was asked. "Cannon," she replied. She was never at a loss for an answer. She called the pelican's young, "cubs."

Prince Nicholas tells me that he and the Grand Duchess always saw Princess Marina's report and marks, and knowing how angry her mother would be if, at the end of the day, the governess had to report that her marks amounted to a round "o," Princess Marina tried all day long to coax her governess to put a tail to the "o," and save her from dis-

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grace. But the Grand Duchess was firm, and insisted on the governess also being firm.

In my travels, I have met so many shy royalties, so many unable to say even the conventional nothings which mean so much to their hearers; but the Grand Duchess would not allow this in her children.

To be shy, or lacking in consideration for others, was impossible for a Princess. They had always to shake hands and be amiable, and Princess Marina, from the time she was too small to sit in a chair and had to sit on the floor and play with toys, was made to get used to being with strangers. How thankful she must be now for the training of her wise and devoted mother!

The little Princesses were in Russia with their parents when war broke out, spending their annual holiday with their grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir. For them, and the Greek and Russian Royal families, this was the twilight of a long night which is now ending for them.

The little Princesses saw Russia mobilised, heard the frequent chanting of Russia's soul-stirring National Anthem, but were too

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young to realise they were listening to the death knell of Russia. Their adoring grandmother, whose greatest wish was that at least one of them should marry an English Prince, and who intended to leave them nice little golden "nest eggs," came to France penniless, and with only the clothes she had on her back.

The journey from Russia back to Athens is not an easy one at any time, but in a country mobilising for war, and with all the railway communications changed and interrupted, travelling was next to impossible.

Instead of returning by the wide, comfortable imperial train, which Princess Marina remembers with such delight, they had to travel by an ordinary train, after waiting three weeks for a special permit from the Commander-in-Chief to travel over Kiev and Bessarabia across the Roumanian frontier.

For four days Prince and Princess Nicholas and their family were the guests of the Crown Princess, now Queen Marie of Roumania, in her delightful residence at Pelichor, so tastefully decorated and en-

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circled by fir-trees.

To-day, Princess Marina and her sisters still remember the stately white-haired Queen Elizabeth, in her long flowing robes, seated at a little harmonium in an alcove, playing hymns; but what Princess Marina recalls with even greater delight was the special cinema performance arranged specially for them in the little theatre at the Palace.

The late Queen Elizabeth, like so many others, myself included, asked for nothing better than to see children thoroughly enjoying themselves, and hear their screams of laughter.

The papers to-day have written so much about Princess Marina inheriting her father's talent for art. They have, however, forgotten Prince Nicholas's merry laugh he shares with his daughter.

Before leaving Roumania, Prince Nicholas pointed out to his little daughters the beauties of the collection of El Grecos which the King of Roumania possessed, an artist that every Greek is proud to claim, and an artist whose life and work has always



Princess Marina just before the War—a happy little girl
loving outdoor games



A corner of Princess Marina's home in Athens
From a sketch by her Father, Prince Nicholas

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particularly interested Prince Nicholas, who possesses every imaginable book about him.

Seeing masterpieces with her father, whose explanations are always so interesting, has always been a great joy to Princess Marina and a great stimulus to work. . . .

Continuing their journey after four days' stay in Roumania, the royal party accompanied by the Crown Princess (Queen Marie), arrived at the junction in the Danube, where the three countries, Roumania, Serbia and Bulgaria meet. Late at night, and to the children's great delight, both the servants and the luggage had gone astray.

Misfortunes of this kind are always a joy to children, especially when it means that a little princess has to accept the hospitality of a nightgown three times her own size, offered by an entire stranger, who gave them food and lodging and raiment for the night.

All the fatigue of the journey was forgotten before this exquisite contretemps, which called for endless choruses of laughter from the children.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any

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good," the proverb truly tells us, but next morning the little boat by which the party was to cross to the Serbian coast was delayed three hours; the three little Princesses were rather restless and cross, and Queen Marie—a beautiful picture, surrounded by the three little children listening with wide-open eyes, which the Prince snapped with his camera, told them fairy stories one after another, which she invented as she went along, never hesitating, for three hours—surely a remarkable feat!

All along the way, she had told them stories she knew, and—her store having come to an end, and children do not like repetition—she had had to draw on her own fertile imagination.

The last part of the journey over Belgrade Nish and Salonika proved rather an ordeal; the children cried from heat and thirst and the terrible flies, and were only pacified when a water-melon was procured for them.

At Salonika, they had a short halt, and insisted on going to visit the house where their father and grandfather had lived during part of the Balkan Wars. They saw

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also the monument erected to the memory of their beloved Apapa by his sorrowing widow, Amama, for so the little Princesses called King George and Queen Olga.

Although the little Princesses had not then learnt the real truth of their grandfather's dramatic passing—there was plenty of time for them to learn the sorrow and futility of anarchy—they still spoke with affection of him, and cried with emotion when they saw his house.

Prince Nicholas says, and one can well believe it, "We always returned to Athens with great joy, but never perhaps with the real relief we felt at the end of that terrible yet memorable and interesting journey."

The gravity of the months that followed, a little girl of Princess Marina's years could not be expected to grasp. She was, however, old enough to understand that a war was going on, far more important than the Balkan Wars.

When later on her father had left for four months on a special mission to Russia, England, and France, and she saw that her uncle, the King, was worried, and noticed

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the visits he and his family exchanged twice weekly for meals together were not so frequent, she felt something was not running smoothly in Greece.

Before the King's studied claim to the right of neutrality for his country, came the charge of pro-Germanism, and Queen Sophie, being a very good starting point for anti-royalist propaganda, was selected as a first-class scapegoat.

To go into all the details of this terrible campaign of calumny, the newspaper reports, cruel and useless inventions, is impossible, and those who to-day cheer Prince Nicholas' daughter would be surprised to be confronted with the news stories of those unhappy days, when King Constantine and his family were the victims of an intricate, antagonistic international situation which ended in the exile of the King and all the Royal family, except his son Alexander, who became King in his stead.

By the way, Admiral Mark Kerr, who was then in Greece as head of the British Naval Mission, and was a staunch and tried friend of the Royal family, and particularly King



Princess Marina caught in happy mood in her garden



The Princess as
a schoolgirl



—and with her sisters

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Constantine, at a time when it was dangerous to be so, and who certainly knows more about the political intrigues during the war, than any other Englishman, writes in his admirable book, *Land, Sea and Air*, the following interesting story.

"I was coming back from Spetsae to Phaleron, and I offered a passage on board my flagship to the children of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, who had been spending a holiday with their English governess and nurse on the island, for, in common with all other members of the Greek Royal family, the children's governesses and nurses were British.

"The time was the early days of the Great War. I asked the youngest child, Princess Marina, what she would like to do to amuse herself on board. She said she would like to have a gun.

"I took her on deck to one of the 6-pounder guns, and showed her where the trigger was, and how to work it. The seven-year-old, without any further instructions, started shooting at what was presumably an unseen German submarine, at a pace which

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would have been the envy of the finest gunner in the British Navy, and remarked every time she pulled the trigger: "There's another German sunk!"

The children of all the Royal family, even Queen Sophie's children, had been too close to England and all her traditions, suddenly to acquire German sympathies. Not that they have ever been anti-German—before the achievements of this great land what sane person could be—but England just happens to be their second motherland, as Greece is their own country.

The time which led up to the leaving of Greece must have left a very deep impression on a child as sensitive as Princess Marina. Who could fail to ask why the adored King's every action should be so wrongly interpreted? Even so insignificant a fact as the placing of a new drain to carry the sewage to the sea was interpreted as a means to refuel German submarines.

The street fighting, the shells whistling over the Royal Palace, frightened the little Princesses, who had to spend hours in the cellars. To distract them from this terror,

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they were taken again to the villa at Kifissia, where they could find enjoyment in playing in the garden as much as possible, far from the war, and all the hideous injustice it brought with it, particularly in Greece.

About this time the great fire at Tatoï broke out, the fire which was skilfully started by enemy propaganda to destroy the wireless which King Constantine was falsely accused of having hidden in the forest. The fire nearly cost the King his life, and it was only his intimate knowledge of the topography of the place and the skill and devotion of his followers that saved him.

The little Princesses were terrified and heart-broken at the ghastly sight of this terrible fire, and little Princess Marina's first agitated question was: "Oh, have they burnt my darling Apapa?" (King George I, who is buried at Tatoï.)

The next cruelty of war, and this affected the children, was the demand of the Allies for the departure of the English and French nurses and governesses. They were ordered by their respective governments to refuse "to serve with traitors."

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Before the threats that they would be severely punished, these admirable women were taken from their posts; and children and young people, who cannot understand the reasoning of governments, are heart-broken in consequence.

The departure of a much-loved governess or servant, in the eyes of a child unspoiled by the knowledge of class and society and especially the reason of politics, is a real tragedy; all she knows is that she has lost a friend, and in this case, there was no answer to the eternal "Why?" Poor little Princess Marina was deeply affected by this cruel sorrow.

The next scene in the tragedy was the departure of the King for Switzerland, followed a few weeks later by Prince Nicholas and his family. Humiliation upon humiliation had been heaped on the King, and all the Royal family; to my mind, one of the cruellest of them all was the ceaseless reminding of King Alexander that he was the son of his father.

No one who has lived through those days can fail to remember the tragic days of good-

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bye to Greece, although there was hope this time that the King would return one day. The next exile was the worst. These times can never, never be forgotten by our new Princess.

As the rest of the royal family and Prince Nicholas and his children, drove back from Oropos, the little fishing village, from which the royal yacht, the *Sphaeteria*, with the King and his family started, little Princess Marina and her sisters saw her steaming out on her way towards Italy, and with their father and mother, they repeated the words King Constantine himself had written: "May God protect Greece."

V

In Exile

PRINCESS MARINA, with her charming capacity for getting out of any difficulty, says she has ceased to remember the tragic years of her family's exile in Switzerland.

It is true she was young at the time—eleven years old; that, however, is not too young to feel the weighty truth of the old adage: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

The Princess had been so carefully schooled in all the principles of loyalty: loyalty to God, her King, her family and her country: how then could she understand that, thanks to the business of politics, a much-loved Sovereign could be deprived of his crown and his whole family driven into exile!

Besides, the Princess loved her uncle. King Constantine was so kind and generous

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to all his nieces, and even his political enemies have to admit that not only had he great personal charm, but a special faculty for rendering service and putting everyone at ease.

Twice a week without exception the Royal family met at the King's and Prince Nicholas's palaces. Princess Marina loved these gatherings. They were one of the great joys of her young days. She and her sisters and cousins met, enjoyed the wildest games together, acted plays, rode, danced, quarrelled, made it up again and ended by being better friends than ever.

And all this had to end. Also the Greece they loved was in the hands of the French High Commissioner, M. Jonnart, a man who far exceeded the orders of his government in all he did and never once troubled to put on the "velvet glove" in any of his diplomatic dealings.

It has always surprised me in speaking of those unhappy days that Princess Marina, like her family, can rise above bitterness. If a King is not too exalted a person to be attacked why may he not defend himself?

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one asks. It does not correspond with our British ideas of fair play.

After the departure of King Constantine and his family the situation became unbearable and even had not M. Jonnart, inspired by M. Venizelos, required the King's brothers to leave the country they would have done so of their own accord.

King Constantine's second son Alexander had become King. Young, handsome, a sportsman and little expecting to be called to the throne, his task was not an easy one. All the old servants who had served King Constantine were dismissed; many of the old friends of the dynasty were suspect and thrown into prison; the King's and Queen's portraits were torn down from the public buildings; a new National hymn was instituted and King Constantine's military exploits cut out of the school books.

Out of kindness, and not to make King Alexander's task more difficult, also to save the young Princesses unnecessary suffering, Prince Nicholas and the Grand Duchess Helen kept away from Athens and lived at their villa at Kifissia. Princess Marina, like

her sisters, understood the seriousness of the situation and trembled for the fate that could await their loyal friends.

For them particularly these were terrible moments. Older people accept the inevitable with more resignation, young people ask questions and are thoroughly unhappy in consequence. And who could explain! . . .

The day of Prince Nicholas' departure with his family was fixed for July 3rd, 1917. They were to leave Greece from a small estuary close to Phaleron to attract less notice, and Admiral Coundouriotis, Minister of the Navy and for many years A.D.C. to both King George and King Constantine, had given orders that the *Amphitrite*, an obsolete steamer used as a floating dock, should bear the Prince and his family away.

On the eve of their departure, sufficient coal to make the sailing possible had not been supplied. Would M. Jonnart accuse Prince Nicholas of not keeping his word to leave on the third? Why was this done? Was it to subject a Royal Prince, because he was the King's brother, to yet one more humiliation?

Taking matters into his own hands, Prince

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Nicholas wrote and asked for the necessary coal to relieve the then masters of Greece of his unwelcome presence. M. Jonnart saw that coal was supplied.

How petty, how cruel, how unnecessary it all was! I wonder what the Greeks of to-day, recovered from the madness that war brings in its train, must think when they read how shamefully they treated a King whose only crime was to love his country too well.

On July 4th, 1917, the steamer bore away the young Princess Marina and her family. Many friends and well-wishers defied the powers that were and saw them off.

"Come back to us soon," they said, their voices choked by sobs, and our young Princess and her sisters with tears raining down, stood beside their family and waited until the last traces of their beloved Greece had faded into space.

Three days later they arrived at Taranto and there was the Princess's old friend, Admiral Mark Kerr, waiting to greet them. He had been particularly kind to her and shown her several ships—a rare treat for a little girl!

It needed some courage to leave the Allied Administration of those days and stand by his old friends; the Admiral has never deserted the Greek Royal family, and they have always repaid him with their profound gratitude.

In Switzerland, an entirely new life began for Princess Marina.

The first thing Prince Nicholas had to do in Switzerland was to find a place in which to settle down and let Princess Marina particularly get on with her lessons.

Her studies, much to the sorrow of both her parents, who were so anxious to have her well educated, were constantly interrupted.

No sooner had the young Princess settled down to work with professors who understood her and interested her enough to make her concentrate on her task than some change was necessary.

A Greek lady, however, was found to give her Greek lessons. A Swiss lady, now dead, taught her French and German; she started also working at drawing and English . . . but the British authorities, much to our Princess's sorrow, insisted on removing her Eng-

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lish teacher, saying if she remained with the Greek Royal family any longer, she must forfeit her passport. Miss Fox, I believe, defied the authorities and joined her loved employers later.

But life in Switzerland was not all sorrow. Switzerland is too lovely and Princess Marina too much an artist not to fall a victim to its beauty.

Her father began to work seriously at studios both in Zürich and in Lausanne.

Princess Marina and her sister also began to take regular lessons with a professional teacher. She was never without a sketchbook, in which to jot down her impressions.

The Princesses then went in for skating seriously and became passionately attached to both the ski and toboggan. In these sports they were accompanied by a corpulent nurse, who tried and tried again and again to become an expert and finally succeeded. . . .

The result of her efforts can be found in Princess Marina's sketchbook and comic indeed these pictures are!

At Territet, Prince Nicholas used to row on the lake and sun-bathe at the same time.

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He prescribed this regime for his daughters, as excellent for both their figures and their complexions; he also advised fishing as a useful pastime; but neither of these sports appealed to the Princesses and they disliked fishing and rowing as much as they loved skating and ski-ing in winter.

I notice, by the way, that the anglers of Scotland claim our Princess as an expert; she may in time become one, but I doubt, at the present moment, whether she has ever fished in her life. . . .

In Switzerland, nevertheless, one sorrow followed after the other and humiliation after humiliation. It was the time of the terrible Spanish influenza epidemic. King Constantine was one of the first victims. His constitution, usually so robust, had been terribly undermined by continual wars, a serious illness and the worst suffering of all—sorrow. His life was in great danger; the doctors had given him up, his family was waiting for the end, when, during the Easter Midnight Mass in the Chapel arranged for the Orthodox rite in the Dolder Hotel, Zürich, news came that he had taken a turn for the better, and

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as though by miracle, he recovered.

Later, Princess Marina fell a victim to this illness, but soon pulled through; her health has always been excellent.

It was about this time, too, that the children's maternal grandmother, Duchess Vladimir, arrived in Paris, and as the Greek Royal family was forbidden to go to France, she came to Switzerland to see her beloved grandchildren again. They had said good-bye to her in all the splendour of her Russian palace, and had not seen her for six years.

The young Princesses listened to her terrible adventures with the deepest interest, crying when she cried, for the chapter of her woes was almost too awful for words. She had lived on a train for weeks, nursing spotted fever, in sanitary conditions that were too frightful to speak of to children, until finally after renewed suffering and tribulation she arrived in Paris.

After this visit to her family, she went to see her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Coburg (ex-Duchess of Edinburgh), who also had had her full share of sorrow, and then went on to Contrexéville for the cure which was so

necessary for her and which she had been unable to undergo for six years.

In a very few weeks, however, a telegram called her daughter and Prince Nicholas to her death-bed, and although the authorities made a concession and allowed her daughter as a Russian born to be present, Prince Nicholas as a Greek was denied this last privilege.

Strange it is, yet quite comprehensible, after their terrible moral and physical sufferings, that within two months of their meeting the two sisters-in-law, both Russian Grand Duchesses, should be laid to rest!

Princess Marina and her sisters wept bitterly at the news of their grandmother's death. This, however, is only natural, seeing how she loved them. They were Grand Duchess Vladimir's beloved grandchildren, and she asked for nothing better than to shower gifts on them and spoil them in every possible manner.

From this time, one tragic scene succeeded another; it was like taking part in one of those Greek classics the Princess admires so much. There was nothing to do but hope

and pray and wait.

It was about this time, too, that Queen Olga, Princess Marina's paternal grandmother, escaped from Russia, where she had been nursing in the hospitals. It is terrible to think that saintly Queen Olga underwent so much suffering, and when one recalls that seventeen of her nearest and dearest Russian relations were killed, one can have some idea of her suffering.

Naturally, her family welcomed her open armed in their temporary home, on the shores of Lake Lemon, and this royal lady hoped to settle down to a well-earned rest after her strenuous and painful journey from Russia.

Hardly had King Constantine recovered—it took the greater part of a year—than news reached him of the accident to his son, King Alexander. The young monarch had been bitten by a monkey and blood-poisoning had set in. Queen Sophie with her knowledge of medicine and nursing felt at once that all was not right and begged for permission to go to him. This was refused.

When the news about King Alexander became alarming, Queen Sophie, in her great



The Princesses with their Mother and as flag-sellers



Princess Marina (second from left) and her family



Princess Marina (left) and her sisters help a war-time charity

anguish, begged her mother-in-law to see if she could go to Greece and be beside her suffering son, which consolation had been denied to herself.

Without hesitation, the Queen Mother set off on the long journey, the necessary permits having been speedily obtained. Yet in spite of fervent prayers, by the time she arrived, King Alexander had passed away; in his delirium calling for his mother till the end.

The story of the poor young King's passing, so flippantly treated, particularly in the French press, is heart-rending. Queen Sophie adored her son, and her son returned her affection. Denied the privilege of going to him, all she could do was to wait in utter anguish for the telegrams about his condition, hoping against hope. Alas, she never saw him again, and never could speak of him without tears in her eyes.

The young King's death was a great grief to the young Princesses. They recalled his last visit to them; for it is always a solace in sorrow to relate over and over again the last time one saw a loved one alive.

Princess Marina remembers waving her

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hand, as the car drove away from their home, in farewell to the handsome young King who stood lonely and desolate watching his family go, one by one, whilst he remained behind to guard his father's sceptre.

When a fine young man with, apparently, all his career before him, is cut off in the flower of his life, one accepts God's will and cannot ask "why." Nevertheless, one would be less than human if one could see the ending of a young life, wasted by so stupid an accident as a monkey bite, whilst trying to save a pet dog from the same fate, without a feeling of infinite sadness and very deep regret.

About this time, too, Queen Marie of Roumania came to visit the Greek Royal family accompanied by her son, then the Crown Prince Carol. It is useless to say Prince Carol was not in love with Princess Helen; for he certainly was at the time, and she with him.

That their marriage was shipwrecked so soon was not the fault of Princess Helen, schooled as she was in the responsibilities of her position. And none can ever accuse

her of lack of dignity or courage, and never once has she done anything to forfeit the great respect and devotion the Roumanian people feel for her.

Nevertheless, young girls, be they Princesses or just ordinary citizens, love romance, and the engagement of her beautiful cousin Helen was a great delight to Princess Marina, as it was to her sisters and cousins.

"It is always darkest before the dawn," says the old saw, and often that is true. The death of King Alexander left the Greek throne vacant, and the crown was then offered to Prince Paul, the youngest son of King Constantine. Without hesitation, the Prince refused. How could he be expected to accept the crown of Greece when both his father and his eldest brother, now King George II, were alive.

It is strange that when all these strange rumours about the Greek succession are set afloat, no one seems to remember the loyalty of the Greek Royal family towards one another. Greece has her King, and every member of the family recognises him as their Sovereign Lord.

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With the Greek throne still vacant, the party in power, confident of success, resolved to show its strength at the new elections. To their amazement they were utterly defeated, and a demand for King Constantine's return was formulated and an invitation sent to him to Switzerland begging him to return.

This invitation, however, King Constantine refused to accept before hearing the result of a plebiscite which he insisted must be taken. To the surprise of the whole world, 1,000,000 voted for the King's return, and 10,000 against it.

So King Constantine resolved to go back to the people who loved him and had recalled him by so overwhelming a majority. And strange it was that the Queen Mother, who at the wish of the people had stayed in Greece after the funeral of her grandson, should have been asked to act as Regent during the preparation for her son's return. The pendulum had indeed swung the other way!

"The Queen of the good old days," as Queen Olga was called, presided over the



Princess Marina and her dog taken whilst staying at
St. Remo in 1922



A delightful family group taken on the occasion of Prince and Princess Nicholas's silver wedding, August 29th, 1927

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destinies of Greece till her son should come. In feverish haste, the country began its preparations. The *Averoff*, the finest man-of-war, was sent to Venice to fetch the King who, after his brothers had returned one by one, Prince Nicholas and his family the last, the King himself returned. . . .

To describe the scenes of wild excitement which greeted King Constantine on his return would take many pages, and one wonders now how in his passage from the train to the Cathedral, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, he was not torn to pieces by his exuberant people. In its delirium of rejoicing the nation lifted their beloved King to a high pinnacle of popularity for the second time, and one asks oneself how it could ever have ceased and how anything as base as political intrigues could ever again separate the King and his people. . . .

Alas, the joy that ended the three and a half years of exile in Switzerland was only short-lived; the next exile broke the King's heart! . . .

In writing the story of Princess Marina's life, one cannot omit this important chapter,

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which must in spite of what anyone can say to the contrary have left a deep and lasting impression on both her memory and her character.

However much a training for a royal position may force one to control one's emotions, a person of Princess Marina's artistic temperament and with her histrionic talent must feel a situation very deeply.

Princess Marina told me recently she adored the theatre and would have loved, had it been possible for her, to act. The very few times one has seen her on a private stage, her performance, especially in the difficult rôle of "Esther" in French, has been more than an amateur performance, and she could have been a great credit to our stage as well as the French.

And in this Greek tragedy set in the beautiful scenery of Switzerland, Princess Marina, though she did not play the title rôle, yet played a part. . . . And for a drama to be perfect each one, however small his part, must play it well . . . this our Princess certainly did.

VI

Welcome Return from Exile

ONE can well imagine, loving Greece as she did and still does, with what real joy Princess Marina returned to her native land. Festivities were given everywhere for the Royal family, and although the Princesses were young, they could not be denied the privilege of meeting their many friends again after three and a half years of exile.

Prince Nicholas had been deputed to announce the arrival of his brother King Constantine to the people, who were impatient to receive their sovereign. There was only one cry: "Ercheti! Ercheti!" "He's coming, he's coming!" The prince was able, much to the delight of his daughters, to return to Athens via Corfu, Patras and Corinth, the most exquisite way of returning to the capital.

Few countries can boast of more lovely

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scenery than greets the eye at Corfu. There the late King's villa, "Mon Repos," in which Prince Andrew used to live, is surrounded by masses of flowers, terraces leading right down to the blue sea, thick with olives, pines, cypresses, oranges and lemons, and a long blue horizon that never ends. All such a contrast to the dry soil of Greece—a real oasis.

Princess Marina used to love the perfume of the oranges baking in the sun, and, what was still better, to eat them hot from the tree.

As soon as they landed at Corfu, the people crowded round them in welcome, as they always did, and this time a reception was held at the old palace where there is a Lawrence portrait of King George IV and other sovereigns of the Georgian reign.

Princess Marina particularly noticed this picture, of which the inhabitants were very proud, although it is only a copy of a celebrated masterpiece. The story of the Georges has always had a great fascination for Princess Marina and she tells me she is now re-reading all the books of that period from Thackeray to the most recent biographers of the "wicked uncles of Queen Victoria," as

they are now known to posterity!

Quite recently Princess Marina was standing before one of the pictures of her father's exhibition in Paris—the subject was Corfu. "Isn't that a good picture of Corfu?" she exclaimed, "Hasn't he just caught the real blue of the sea and those lovely cypress trees?" I am surprised that Princess Marina has not painted landscapes as well as portraits.

The route from Patras over Corinth is one of real beauty and fortunately the boats are very slow. The view over the gulf with the mountains on either side in the distance is a subject which has attracted many artists. Princess Marina found again those lovely lights bathing the hills against the blue horizon, in the scenery round Balmoral.

The demonstrations of affection which greeted the King and all his family everywhere he went are sad to recall, when one thinks of the bitter contrast of what was coming, and how soon the whole family was again to go into exile. No wonder Queen Sophie, with her inborn common sense, felt that this exuberance was too overwhelming to last.

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The festivities of Christmas and the New Year once over, Prince and Princess Nicholas decided that their daughters must resume their lessons which had been so continually interrupted. Princess Marina's school curriculum, in particular, had to be very carefully studied, as, to her father's sorrow, she knew very little Greek.

"It is impossible," he said, "for a Greek Princess to speak and, above all, write slipshod Greek." And so special lessons and special studies with "Kyria Anna" had to be arranged.

Princess Marina, like many children who later astonish the world with their great deeds, was not a good pupil according to the world's acceptance of the term. She was very obstinate, which is a sign of personality, and she would not concentrate when she was not interested.

The stories of Greek mythology she loved, but she intensely disliked Greek syntax and Greek grammar, and no wonder! Once she even threw her Greek grammar right through the window and then wept tears of repentance, not because she was sorry for this

deed, but because the book had hurt a favourite dog.

In her school days, as now, Princess Marina had a heart of gold. She could never be driven and would always give way when you appealed to her better feelings. She and her sisters used to quarrel very often, as sisters always do, but they made it up very quickly and were better friends than ever. Princess Marina has this great merit, her anger is soon over and she never sulks.

For French, German and English, Princess Marina now had professors from Athens. She was not very good at German. The German method of taking each word and carefully studying its pedigree may be the best method of education, and produce the best results in the end, but the French method which appeals to the imagination is far more attractive.

For this reason Princess Marina loved Professor Roussel's lessons. He has written several books on the Greek theatre, and used to read Racine and Corneille to his pupils and to their delight and amazement he often wept as he read the lovely verses of Racine.

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Nevertheless, much as these readings amused her at the time, Princess Marina has never forgotten the beautiful lines of Andromaque or Esther, which called forth so many tears from her professor.

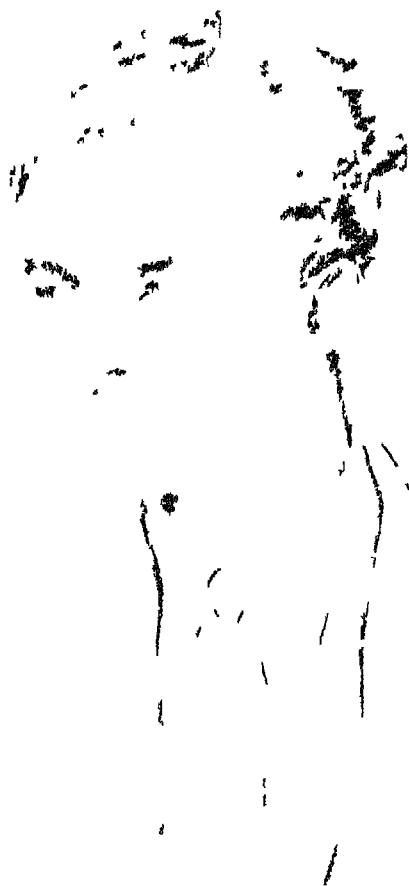
One cannot help wondering whether a knowledge of so many languages is, after all, a good thing. At that period little Princess Marina used to get very mixed with her English. Then to save herself from disaster, she would choose a long word and trust to luck whether it fitted the sentence and the meaning or not.

She would tell you the doctor "described" for you. The lawyer's "brief" she called unconsciously but cleverly "a grief" and she would call anyone's capacity for endurance "his consistency," and when this is applied to a horse, the result is funny.

Princess Olga, who was a much better pupil and took her lessons very seriously, saw in her sister's difficulty nothing at which one should laugh, and immediately set out to help her. So did her mother and father. To-day, when her English letters are so well expressed, she can be grateful for the teasing



Princess Olga from a drawing made by Princess Marina



Another drawing showing the skill of Princess Marina as
an artist

WELCOME RETURN FROM EXILE

she had when a schoolgirl. As a reward, therefore, for Greek grammar learnt in spite of difficulty, comes a culture and knowledge of art which no one can take from her, and to-day our new Princess in her new country will have special qualifications, which will be much appreciated.

When their daily lessons were over, the Princesses rode with their cousins in the neighbourhood, their English groom was proud of them all, but what a responsibility to have to accompany six Princesses, the one more daring than the other, and each trying to out-do the other in horsemanship!

The groom had had instructions to be very careful but not to let them lose their nerve. Small wonder that the poor man exclaimed:

"They were fearless, it was I who was afraid!"

The Princesses, too, used to bathe frequently at Phaleron, where they again tried all kinds of daring swimming feats. In Jugoslavia, with Queen Marie, a very fine sports-woman, Princess Marina was able to ride and swim.

VII

Princess Marina and Days of Wandering

AT the end of 1921 Princess Helen, King Constantine's eldest daughter, was married to Prince Carol of Roumania at the Cathedral of Athens. An orthodox wedding without bridesmaids, but with the picturesque ceremony of crowns and many candles is always pleasing to behold, particularly for a royal wedding when all the highest clergy of the land, in glittering vestments, are called out to bless the marriage. One must not forget also the beautiful singing for there is no organ in an Orthodox Church.

Princess Marina had been busy for weeks embroidering cushions and clothes for her cousin the bride, and as Princess Helen was the first of the Princesses to marry, there was naturally intense excitement amongst her young cousins.

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As she drove away after the ceremony, all the Princesses divided the bouquet, taking a piece of orange blossom, home grown, for good luck.

Everything was going well with the Greek Royal family when, once more, politics came to end their delight at being together again, wrecked their homes, drove them once more into exile, and King Constantine to his death-bed.

It is not possible in a short chapter to dwell on the circumstances which led to the Greek *débâcle*. King Constantine was confronted with the terrible problem of knowing which course to pursue; either he must disavow the Asia Minor campaign, to which he had been so bitterly opposed, and in which he saw nothing but disaster; or he had to leave his co-religionists to the mercy of the Turks. Strange it is, that Mustapha Kemal's policy towards the Greeks, and which he has now been able to carry out, was one of peace; whilst King Constantine's policy if only he had have had his way, was also one of peace. "If only the Powers could leave us alone," Mustapha Kemal said to me, "We can live

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at peace with Greece." King Constantine said the same. Yet, he was faced with the terrible legacy of this hopeless Asia Minor campaign left by his predecessor M. Venizelos, and he had to make the best of it.

King Constantine, as head of the Hellenic Forces, accompanied by Prince Nicholas, left for Asia Minor. Queen Sophie took charge of the hospital service with nurses who had been organised by a British trained nurse. The Grand Duchess (Princess Nicholas) worked in the hospitals, and the Princesses were installed at Tatoï.

They turned to the theatre for distraction and in the lovely park of Tatoï, by a beautiful moonlight, performed scenes from "The Merchant of Venice." Princess Marina made a very effective Lancelot, though she has always preferred to play women's parts.

The King returned to Tatoï after three and a half months in Asia Minor, very much shaken in health.

Turkish soldiers had never been accustomed to have the least comfort. A diet of bread and rice and coffee was all that was necessary to keep them going. The severity

of the climate, lack of sanitation, and plagues of insects, all meant nothing to them, but for Europeans heavy suffering. In spite of the strict diet enforced by his doctors, King Constantine's health was shattered. He had received his death blow.

To help the war charities, Prince Nicholas organised in his own theatre, a series of Greek tableaux in which Princess Marina and her sister and cousins took part. She was, and always has been, every time it is repeated, very successful as a Tanagra figure.

The Prince was himself responsible for the whole of the stage management of the pageant. It was a great success. The King and Queen were present and young Princess Marina was much admired. Strange it is that the Greek Royal family should be so fond of the theatre, and that in their sad exile, the theatre has always been such a consolation to them.

In June, 1922, the Grand Duchess had to go to Paris on business with her two eldest daughters, whilst Princess Marina went to England with Miss Fox. After staying at a Kensington hotel, Miss Fox decided to take a

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house in Waringham, where the Princess lived a simple quiet English country life, little realising she might be unable to return to Greece.

Meanwhile, events in Greece drifted towards their inevitable end. The crash came towards the end of September, 1922. The Greek troops in the wild mountains of Anatolia were fatigued—too fatigued to continue, and the anti-royalist propaganda of demoralisation brought on the final catastrophe.

Fleeing from the troops, fugitive officers organised revolution without letting the soldiers know what their real intentions were. They arrived first on the south coast of Attica, then went to Athens, using aeroplanes to drop pamphlets demanding the abdication of King Constantine and the accession of King George II.

In the circumstances, there was nothing to do but accept. The King left again from Oropos in much the same way as he had left the first time. Accompanied by Prince Nicholas he arrived safely at Palermo, tired, ill, yet out of danger.

King Constantine was now broken in health and in spirit. He passed away in Naples, very soon after his arrival in Italy, and as he is still denied the right of burial in his own land his coffin is in the crypt of the Russian Church at Florence. Beside him are his mother, Queen Olga, and his wife, Queen Sophie, all waiting for burial.

Meanwhile, the Grand Duchess (Princess Nicholas) and her daughters spent the most tragic weeks of waiting. The Princess had a severe attack of diphtheria and the hotel where she was staying refused to keep her. They had great difficulty in finding a hospital for her, for Paris is badly organised in the way of accommodation for patients suffering from contagious diseases.

Hardly had she recovered, than the news that Prince Nicholas had been shot reached her, but, fortunately, a telegram announcing his safe arrival in Palermo was received at the same time. But what days of dreadful anguish!

As soon as she was able, Princess Nicholas joined her husband at Palermo with feelings of great thankfulness that his life had been

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spared; for he had had a very narrow escape. After this began their days of wandering again.

They stayed for a short while in Merano, where the young Princesses went for drives round the lovely country. Prince Nicholas went to Venice and afterwards joined his family at St. Remo.

Their next move was to England and it was there that Princess Olga met Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, who at once fell in love with her. Although she loved him, Princess Olga would have waited a little while before getting married; they had all been through such terrible suffering; they all felt dazed and crushed.

The marriage, however, was fixed for the autumn of 1923, in Belgrade, and to Belgrade all the family went to celebrate this marriage which has been so happy in every way.

From the very first, Prince and Princess Nicholas were very attached to their son-in-law, whilst the Princesses found him a brother in the truest sense of the word.

His home had been their home; and it was

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in his delightful villa in Bohinj, on the border of the beautiful lake which bears that name, that Princess Marina, like her sister, Princess Elizabeth, met her fiancé.

Prince Paul is a highly-cultured young man, who was educated at Oxford, and his young son, Prince Alexander, is still in England at a preparatory school.

After the terrible years of 1922-1923, the worst of the storm was over, and the whole family had weathered it with real courage and dignity, although they had suffered intensely.

Prince Nicholas said he felt like an innocent prisoner who had served a term in prison. Public opinion was against them for a crime they had not committed. The Grand Duchess never complained and bore her lot—particularly ill-health—with patience amounting to heroism and a consideration for others which would be hard to equal.

In the autumn of 1923, Princess Marina returned to school. Again the interrupted lessons were resumed.

VIII

Princess Marina Visits England

AFTER Princess Olga's engagement Princess Marina and her family went to Brownsea Island near Poole Harbour. They were all enthusiastic about this charming place, seeing in it a likeness to their beloved Corfu.

It is extraordinary how Princess Marina, when she loves any scenery or any particular place, finds in it a striking resemblance to her dear Greece!

Is Brownsea Island really a "sister" of the exquisite Greek island? Greece is her standard of comparison in everything.

During this visit it was Princess Marina's and the other guests' delight to go to Bournemouth fish market and buy crabs; first of all because they are exceptionally fine fish; and again because it reminded them of Corfu, where the crabs are so plentiful.

Prince Nicholas tells me, as boys, they

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used to catch small crabs in Corfu and performed the feat of eating them alive! . . . it sounds horrible!

At Brownsea Island Princess Marina and her family were the guests of Infante Alphonso and his charming wife Infanta Beatrice, first cousin of Princess Nicholas, and a life-long friend. Infanta Beatrice is a very clever artist, like her sisters the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia and the Queen of Roumania; whilst her husband's hobby, besides aviation, is caring for the "down and outs."

Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to offer a dinner to a starving man and to be present while the man is eating his meal. The many stories the Infante Alphonso (Ali as he is called by his family, whilst the Infanta is called Bee) can tell are a source of great delight to Princess Marina.

After Princess Olga's engagement, Princess Marina returned to Paris and again the vexed question of her education had to be discussed. In Greece, she had made great progress with her studies; now once more her lessons had to be re-organised in Paris.

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This time, however, she was anxious to learn quickly everything she possibly could, and was quite willing to go to a boarding school, where she stayed about three years. Princess Elizabeth was already in society, meeting interesting people and discussing all kinds of new subjects with new friends; Princess Marina, who did not want to be left behind in knowledge and learning, applied herself to her work and was in a short while a very satisfactory pupil of the school.

Already speaking excellent French, and able to write letters in French, she succeeded in writing essays in that language, no easy task. She loved her history, literature and drama lessons and these studies are still of the greatest interest to her. What, however, she most appreciated and what is so well arranged in French schools is the course of lectures at museums, art galleries and places of historical interest.

In this way Princess Marina saw all the castles of the Loire; Chinon, Loches, Mehun, Ussé, Langeais, Lassay, Blois, Chambord, Chenonceau, Chaumont and Azay. All those charming monuments of the finest

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architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, far from the capital in so restricted an area, as the history of those times required they should be. . . .

Here were the souvenirs of the beautiful Diane de Poitiers and Agnès Sorel, and one wonders how the clever professor could arrange their story for the ears of young ladies of a first-class "finishing school," eager to hear it all. . . . Anyhow Princess Marina has kept a charming souvenir of what is, after all, one of the finest historical monuments of the whole of France!

When her parents went to Cannes to spend the winter months in a summer climate, Princess Marina remained in Paris, spending her Christmas holidays with them. The sun, the flowers, the blue sea, were such a beautiful change after Paris and the Princesses were able to take many drives in the neighbourhood, as well as going to many of the Côte d'Azur festivities, which are always pleasing to the young.

From Cannes Princess Marina motored back to Paris with her father, stopping at Aix-en-Provence, Arles and Orange to see

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the historical and artistic treasures associated with those places, which Prince Nicholas knows so well. And no more delightful guide than Princess Marina's father could be found. Not only does he know his subject well, but he is full of enthusiasm and can communicate it to those who are privileged to listen to him.

At this time also, Princess Marina's reading was very carefully supervised by her parents, for she had no more use for the *Bibliothèque Rose* of her childhood and was reading classical novels. She loved Balzac, but all Balzac was naturally not for her. When, however, any objection was raised as to what the Princess could read, she classed it as "history," and as history she had a right to know all about it; those were her arguments.

One day, however, when it was decided she was too young to read André Maurois' *Life of Byron*, she remained firm, and read it all the same. . . . By the way, two of her favourite English authors are Jane Austen and Mary Webb.

And so, the months went on very happily

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for Princess Marina, and she did not grasp how anxious her parents were. With King George II reigning in Greece, there was still a chance of returning to their country, and they all hoped to do so one day.

They, therefore, stayed when in Paris at a hotel near the Etoile, after their return from Cannes: it was by no means cheap, and none too comfortable, but they hoped it was only for a temporary halt, and put up with much. Alas, their few months had run into three years before they decided to try another hotel, which was in every way a decided improvement.

Hotels may be nice for a change, but family life in a hotel means heavy and useless expense, and how weary they were of hotel life! . . .

Politics, however, were not running on smooth lines in Greece—far from it. Greece was again suffering from her old complaint “party feuds.” The Royalist Party has always been hampered for funds, and has never, perhaps because it is too proud to do so, stooped to oppose the well-organised propaganda of the Republican party. Few

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people except Prince Nicholas have ever attempted to defend the memory of King Constantine, or put the late King's case before the public.

And so, in February, 1924, King George II's reign came to an end. He left Greece, like his father before him, without unnecessary demonstration, but with a breaking heart. He loves Greece, he had been and still is so popular with his many loyal subjects, many of whom could never understand why a change of regime was necessary, or even how it was done.

All those who have been privileged to meet King George II in London, where he now lives most of the year, find him a charming man. He, like his cousin Princess Marina, to whom he is particularly attached, has a keen sense of humour; he loves the theatre, and if during a performance, you hear a long, loud, and merry laugh, you know that the King of Greece is present, without even seeing him.

Until King George II actually left Greece, Princess Marina's family in Paris were hoping against hope that something could be done to save the dynasty. It does not require

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much imagination to understand the real grief it was to the family, to feel that the grandson of King George I, who had sacrificed fifty years of his life for the welfare of Greece, had been deprived of his throne and had to go into exile.

Roumania was King George's first halting place. Here he had the great pleasure of being with his favourite sister, Princess Helen. As soon as it was possible, however, King George always went to London, staying in Paris to see Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece and his cousins. . . .

King George II was one of the first to congratulate Princess Marina on her engagement, for not only was she a very favourite cousin of his, but her being in London is another bond to keep him in the England he loves so dearly.

With the departure of King George II from Greece, and the establishment of a Republic, Princess Marina's family had to decide where they would live. Everyone of them would have liked to live in England, and particularly Princess Marina, who has loved our country since her childhood. Ever

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since I have known her she never says to me "England," but always "Your dear Country" . . . and now that "dear country" is to be her own.

However, with a large slice of their income lost in Russia, their private property confiscated by the Greek Government, and the exchange against them, England was unfortunately impossible as the family's permanent home.

Besides, with their inborn tact and consideration for others, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece did not wish to embarrass our Royal family or our government in their relations with the Greek Republic. As I said in a previous chapter, the fact that so little was known of Princess Marina at the time when her engagement was announced, shows what discrimination all this family possess. They came to England so frequently incognito, paid their respects to the King and Queen, carefully avoided all publicity, keeping themselves very much to themselves and enjoying the theatres and the picture galleries to the full.

In the summer of 1924, Princess Marina

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visited London with her family. Queen Olga of Greece, her grandmother, was then alive and staying with her beloved sister-in-law, Queen Alexandra, at Sandringham, and with her daughter, Princess Marie of Greece. Queen Olga also stayed at Windsor Castle with King George and Queen Mary.

King George was always a favourite nephew of Queen Olga, who called him "Sunbeam," and in his naval days he had visited her uncle and aunt often in Greece. . . . As long as Queen Olga was in England, Princess Marina came with her parents and sisters very often to see her grandmother. How this dear Queen would have loved to hear of the engagement!

It was during this visit to England that Prince Paul of Yugoslavia took a small house near Maidenhead. Princess Olga was waiting for the arrival of her first baby boy. This fine boy was born at White Lodge, Richmond, kindly put at the disposal of the Princess by the Queen, and that same boy, now ten years old, is a pupil at a preparatory school near London—Ludgrove.

When Princess Olga's baby arrived, both

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Princess Marina and Princess Elizabeth were overjoyed. They used to quarrel who should hold him the longer, until Miss Fox stepped in and insisted on their sharing their little nephew for an equal period of time. From the moment he was born, both the Princesses have adored their sister's son and little Prince Nicholas who was born in London four years after. . . .

Four years between children is a wide gap, and Prince Alexander, when he first saw his little brother, asked the same question his mother asked when Princess Marina was born: "Can he come out and play with me?"

It was a real grief to Prince Alexander that he was too ill to attend his aunt, Princess Elizabeth's wedding, at Seefeld Castle, near Munich, in January, 1934, and he is now looking forward to being present at the impressive ceremony in Westminster Abbey, for Princess Marina's marriage. . . .

The first years in Paris were by no means an easy time in the life story of Princess Marina and her family, and one cannot fail to have a deep admiration for those who can face sorrow with courage and dignity.

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They had come from such a beautiful and such an interesting land, so comfortable a home; they were what King Alexander, of Yugoslavia, called the most united family in the world; their private property had been confiscated by the Greek Republican Government; and unused to handling the expenses of a household, they were now faced with the problems of expenditure in a French hotel.

And where, they asked, are all the many friends who had been their guests in the "good old days?" English as well as French friends? How many had had the courage to brave public opinion in politics and stand by these exiled royalties who were being punished as Prince Nicholas said, I repeat, "for sins they had not committed?"

The change of fortune, as is only natural, made the Grand Duchess (Princess Nicholas) ill. She bore her suffering with patience and resignation, thinking always of others and trying to arrange life so that her daughters should have as much happiness as possible.

Prince Nicholas would make light of his misfortunes, as he found some consolation in

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art, whilst Princess Nicholas would say, "We do not mind for ourselves, we have had such a happy life, it is the children we want to help; we want to give them all we can."

When things were at their worst, the Grand Duchess made herself really ill worrying about her poor compatriots. Endowed, or embarrassed as the case may be, with a tender heart, which Princess Marina has inherited, she just can't say "no" to suffering, especially if the sufferers are children.

All those ex-officers of the Guards regiment, ex-Chamberlains of the Czar's court, rich business men and the flower of Russian aristocracy, who were so glad to get work as chauffeurs, taxi-drivers, waiters, shop assistants and photographers, had to go out and work, leaving their children at home to look after themselves.

When Grand Duchess Helen heard the story she decided she must do something; so she turned some of her mother's jewels into money and rented an old castle in St. Germaine-en-Laye, where she installed a "kindergarten" excellently run under the supervision of a Russian general and his wife

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and also a friend who is her right hand, Mme. Komstadius, once a wealthy lady in Russia.

The little children have their church and dispensary, a playground, lodging and good food. The home is a source of great joy to the Grand Duchess, a great interest, but at the same time a great responsibility and endless work.

As the children's home has no capital, twice a year, at least, a big fête has to be organised at the Ritz, and the Princesses were of great help to their mother, in arranging, either some original form of entertainment, or as programme sellers. Once the Prince came to the assistance of the Grand Duchess and organised a series of Tanagra statuettes, or "tableaux vivants," representing those charming terra-cotta figures, which are so familiar in museums and private collections; in these Princess Marina and Princess Elizabeth took part. Another time he gave some of his paintings to be sold for the benefit of the home, which is suffering at present from the American slump.

To have some idea what the organising of those Russian charities means, one must go to

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Princess Nicholas' tastefully decorated rooms. The whole flat is turned into an editor's office with the Grand Duchess as Editress-in-Chief, and Mme. Komstadius as sub-editor, writing—writing all the time! "Can't you have those letters typed or copied?" I asked. But the Grand Duchess will not hear of it. "The smallest compliment I can pay to my generous benefactors," she says, "is to send them my grateful thanks with my own hand."

It is just at this time that the half-yearly fête is due. In spite of the fact that she is so busy with her trousseau, seriously delayed by her sad visit to Jugoslavia to attend King Alexander's funeral, and that she has to sit up till 2 a.m. personally answering letters and sending thanks for presents, Princess Marina, nevertheless, is helping her mother organise this semi-annual fête for her Russian home.

Since Princess Marina's engagement the flat has been changed into a garden with flowers everywhere—huge baskets of tiger-lilies, roses, and chrysanthemums, all gifts for Princess Marina, who for the time being is

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now the principal personage in the family circle and the centre of attraction.

Already she is putting her mother's excellent lessons into practice, making her mother's guests feel at home, saying the kind word for which the recipient is so grateful, and which is never forgotten. All the tradespeople love her, the shopkeepers, the newspaper men—everyone is delighted to hear her good news.

She is so radiantly happy that you feel her happiness whenever she comes into the room; it warms you like the sun.

In 1925, much to Princess Elizabeth's delight, Princess Marina came out in London, chaperoned by her mother.

Princess Elizabeth, who missed her elder sister, Princess Olga, though the latter frequently came to London, Paris and Rome, was overjoyed to have her sister as a companion, and from that time they were together always. They went to dances, parties, and theatres; stayed with friends and relations; and one rarely saw one sister without the other.

They also went for a trip to Algiers

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and Morocco with a Greek and a French friend, travelled all over the country, stayed near "The Garden of Allah," and as it was the first time the Princesses had travelled without their parents, they liked the new experience, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

They also both took up art seriously and both of them did good work. They worked in the studio of Madame Vignal-Pascot, the widow of the celebrated water-colour painter Vignal, and the wife of Pascot, also an artist, and a teacher in his wife's studio. They both painted figures, still life, and flowers.

Princess Elizabeth's colouring was excellent and her flowers good, but her father said to her, "You are a great disappointment to me; you like horses better than art." Princess Marina's work is excellent, although her father says, with her great talent she should have done more, and he implores her when she is married, not to give up painting. I, too, sincerely hope she will not.

Thoroughly tired of hotel life, Prince and Princess Nicholas decided to bring their

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furniture out of store and find an apartment of their own, taking in the meanwhile a furnished flat, whilst they collected all their things from Athens.

Many pieces of furniture being too big had to be sold. . . . Out of the "household goods" Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marina were allowed to choose what they wanted for their own rooms, for they were not only to have a bedroom each, but a sitting-room between them. They chose their furniture with great care, favourite pictures, nice old antiques, a very valuable collection of jade and other treasures of the past; then Princess Elizabeth had her room decorated in her favourite colour, pale yellow, whilst Princess Marina chose green.

Their new home was the flat in which they are now living near the Avenue Henri Martin, not very far from the Bois and not very far from the little studio where Prince Nicholas works every morning. Here he is busy by nine at the latest, preparing the exhibitions which he gives in Paris, under the pseudonym of Nicholas Leprince. He takes his place beside professional artists,

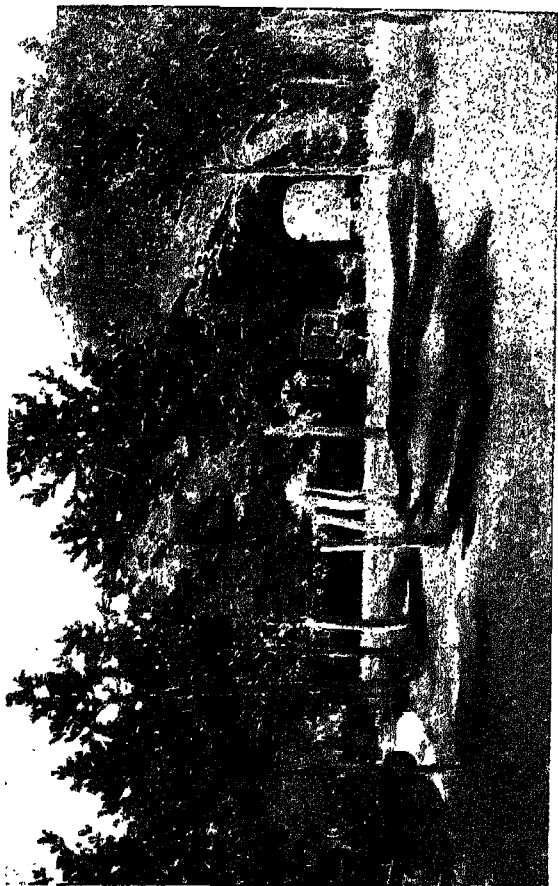
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and is improving in his work all the time. How many professional artists would be in their studio by nine in the morning? And how many professional artists have his tidy studio?

The Grand Duchess and Princess Marina often go to fetch the Prince for lunch, which he forgets when he is absorbed in his work. They also like to see how his painting is progressing and offer their suggestions and criticisms, which are always welcomed.

The death of Queen Alexandra was a great grief to every member of Princess Marina's family. This gracious Queen had been as Prince Nicholas said, "More than an Aunt and more than a Queen; she was the loyal friend who stood by us through thick and thin, and never regarded one word of all the disgraceful things that were said and written about us."

From the time I first saw her, Princess Marina reminded me of Queen Alexandra in appearance and manner, and as time went on the likeness was more striking. They both have the same indefinable charm, the same elegance, and, above all, the same kindness



A painting by Prince Nicholas of the home of Prince and Princess Paul of Jugoslavia at Bohinj where the engagement of the happy lovers took place



And now the trousseau



Princess Mauna at her dressmaker's



Princess Marina sitting to Philip de László for his famous portrait

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of heart. Already Princess Marina, like Queen Alexandra, is called "the Princess from over the seas." The Duke of Kent also has the tenderest memories of the beloved Queen Mother, and the souvenirs that were left to him by her late Majesty go to his bride. How charmingly the whole story has worked out!

With the passing of Queen Alexandra, Queen Olga of Greece left England and went to live with her son, Prince Christopher, who has a villa in Rome. So instead of coming to England, the Princesses and their parents went to stay in Rome to visit their beloved grandmother.

Queen Olga felt the death of Queen Alexandra so deeply that she very soon followed her to her eternal rest. She died in the summer of 1927 and her coffin is still in the crypt of the Russian Church in Florence, beside King Constantine and Queen Sophie, waiting for the privilege of being buried beside King George I, on the hill near the beloved home at Tatoï.

Every year the Greek Royal family unites in Florence, where a solemn requiem is sung

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for the repose of the souls of their "Dear Dead," hoping that they may soon be taken to the land where they have a right to be buried—Greece, their own land.

IX

Princess Marina and Prince George

WHEN Prince Paul of Yugoslavia became the owner of his charming villa at Bohinj, on the shores of the lovely lake bearing that name, his house was a second home for Princess Marina.

Ever since their first visit to Yugoslavia, in the summer of 1926, the whole family has spent every summer from July to the end of October in this delightful country and in the lovely fairyland surroundings of Prince Paul's house, so unpretentious, yet all in such good taste, like Prince Paul himself.

When he became the husband of Princess Olga, Prince Paul considered her family his own, the Princess's parents his parents, and the Princess's sisters his sister. Anything he could do to help them all in any way, he has always done, for he sincerely loves them all, and is very proud of them; and they in their

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turn love and are proud of him.

And no wonder. Slim and elegant, with exquisite manners, Prince Paul is always ready to be of service. He is never too busy to think of the little "nothings," like the cigarettes you find in your car after it has started; or sending an aide-de-camp to meet you at the Yugoslav frontier, all of which to foreigners means so much. Prince Paul's character is as fine as his intelligence.

In his lakeside home, in the neighbourhood of the high Julian Alps, and framed in a wealth of trees which, in autumn, are all ablaze with the warmest of yellow and gold and red, he reads very carefully, and in this way keeps abreast of all important movements and pictures. Show him a picture, he can place it at once. Speak to him of any outstanding book, he has read it.

All the pictures in Bond Street galleries, and all the known pictures and rare books in the French, German, English and Spanish galleries, he knows. Whenever he was able, he wandered off in his car to see pictures in Germany or Austria, taking this opportunity not only to show Princess Olga,

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and one or both of his sisters-in-law the surrounding countries, but to buy masterpieces for himself and King Alexander.

Alas, this has to be written in the past. For Prince Paul those days are now over: he is a private citizen no longer. On his shoulders rest the heavy responsibility of steering the Yugoslav ship of state till the little King Peter II of Yugoslavia will be old enough to reign.

In Bohinj, Princess Marina and every member of her family did as he or she pleased. There was no court etiquette; no elaborate dressing.

Prince Nicholas read his son-in-law's new books, sent from London and Paris. He painted; he fished for trout in the beautiful streams; he hacked down trees in order to get a finer view of the surrounding country, all the time breathing the pure air from the Alps and baking himself in the semi-tropical rays of the Slovenian sun, which after the stuffiness of Paris and London is indeed a delightful change! . . .

The Grand Duchess, as though she had not enough of this work in Paris, brought with

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her the papers relating to her "Russian Charities," and when you begged her to rest and leave the charities for a while, she said "poor little Russian children—who will look after them if I do not?"

That certainly is true; and wherever the Grand Duchess goes these unfortunate Russians, needing her help and advice, seem to follow her, and she generally manages to do something for them. King Alexander, who was the most generous of men as well as of kings, also had deep sympathy for the Russians, and he gave freely of his private money to help them.

Nearly every morning the Princesses went to the lake of Bled, twenty miles away, where every day, Queen Marie used to swim with her little sons to the friendly strains of a gramophone next to the Royal enclosure, and everybody laughed at her when she plunged into the water. This teasing was a great amusement to the Queen whilst the gramophone playing jazz tuncs greatly added to the delight of the party.

Princess Marina, known as the artist amongst the Princesses, used to be called in

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to admire Queen Marie's garden which is one mass of exquisite flowers of all the brightest colours. Her Majesty loves her garden and with regard to her one could say, "love me, love my garden." And her garden is a real masterpiece.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marina used often to join in the chamois shooting which King Alexander enjoyed so much, and when he could find time, he and the Queen and some other sportsmen, including Sir Nevile Henderson, the British Minister, a fine shot, indulged in this rare sport. The mountains are so steep and so rocky and the chamois so difficult to "bring down" that for anyone who enjoys the pleasures of sport and its risks, chamois shooting is the real thing.

Princess Marina, however, loved above anything else at Bohinj the children; her sister's two little boys, as well as the three sons of King Alexander, the three fatherless boys for whose upbringing and education, Prince Paul is now largely responsible.

One can well imagine what little pickles these children were, when they were together, and how their clever little remarks amused

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their aunts. Little Prince Nicky, so clever at his lessons and so adorably naughty, which is a sign of personality, still has good fights to get his own way. When he was once put in the corner and saw too that he was really "cornered," he turned round to his nurse and begged that he may have "another chance."

His nurse, with strict orders from Prince Paul and Princess Olga not to spoil the child, finds it very hard to remain firm, for the boy is so funny and such a little darling. Prince Alexander has gone through this stage and is now a sturdy, fine, manly boy of ten, behaving like a father to his smaller brother.

Always unselfish, and always happy to have her sisters with her, Princess Olga felt, when the summer visit was over, that she could not let them go. So she begged her parents to let one or both of them stay through the winter. In this way her sisters helped her with her social work in Belgrade and got good riding at the same time. And both of them became very popular in Belgrade society and with the Diplomatic Corps.

With their sister, then, Princess Elizabeth



Another photograph in M de László's studio



The Royal lovers on their visit to Balmoral

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and Princess Marina served their apprenticeship in royalty, for they had been too young to play the part of grown-up princesses in Greece.

And so the two Princesses became very attached to Yugoslavia and spent many months with their married sister, travelling with her when she travelled and staying at home when she stayed at home. And they were happy to be together again as in the old nursery days. All three Princesses are now united in Paris, in the family home, "And oh, it is nice to be together again," writes their father. "And how we shall miss the children!" writes the Grand Duchess.

I have, I repeat, had to put all this story in the past tense because the abominable assassination of King Alexander, of Yugoslavia, will possibly change the whole course of Prince and Princess Paul's life. Will they be able even to go to Bohinj for the summer, as they have always done before? Will not affairs of state for some time keep Prince Paul in Belgrade? And will he even be able to come to London for Princess Marina's wedding? And will the future Duchess of

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Kent be able to go so far away from her new country?

Princess Nicholas, with Princess Marina, attended the funeral of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, whose death was a real grief to them. For the late King was very attached to the three Princesses and their mother, and was the first to receive the Royal bridegroom and offer his congratulations to Princess Marina.

In 1931, in less than four months, all the four daughters of Prince Andrew of Greece, Prince Nicholas' younger brother, married German princes. The first to marry was the youngest of the family, Princess Sophie, called in the family "Tiny." She was only sixteen when she married Prince Christian of Hesse. And when they told her she was too young to marry, she declared her grandmother, Queen Olga of Greece, was only sixteen when she married, so why should she not follow her good example?

Of her sisters, Princess Margaret married the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, Princess Theodora the Landgraf of Baden; and Princess Cecile the Hereditary

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Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt. Strange to say, the eldest married last.

After these weddings, Princess Marina and her sister Princess Elizabeth missed their cousins, who also lived in Paris, for they very frequently met and went to church together. "When are the Princesses going to make up their minds to marry?" people asked, for no one could ever imagine them spinsters.

Wherever the Princesses went they attracted attention. They were so beautiful, so well dressed, so gracious and so natural. Everywhere the same question was asked: Why don't they marry?

In Rome, they used to be seen often with their uncle, Prince Christopher, who was very proud to go out with them, for they were always elegant, and full of fun, and what man does not appreciate these qualities!

As a wedding gift for her uncle, Prince Christopher, Princess Marina drew a picture of his bride, Princess Françoise of France.

And every time the Princesses appeared in public, getting handsomer as the days passed, the same question was asked, "Why don't they marry?"

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Both Princesses answered by declaring they would marry for love, or not at all. Their parents had made a love marriage, so why should they not do the same? Some people even blamed the frequent visits to Yugoslavia, where it was supposed they could not meet eligible suitors, for their not marrying, yet, by a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, it was in Yugoslavia that both Princesses became engaged, and both to bridegrooms of their own choice.

Towards the end of September, 1933, when Prince Paul and Princess Olga were in London, Princess Elizabeth announced her engagement to Count Toerring-Yettenbach.

Princess Olga was bringing her son, Prince Alexander, to school, and Prince Paul, knowing how she felt the separation, decided Princess Marina should come with her. Both sisters and Prince Paul were overjoyed at the news of the engagement.

It was during this visit to London that Princess Marina again met the Duke of Kent, her second cousin, who is an old friend of Prince Paul. I, myself, at that moment returning from a pilgrimage to Lourdes, was

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astounded at the Princess's beauty; she had grown still more elegant and charming, and having stared at her almost rudely, I wrote to her parents to explain the reason. Her whole appearance, her manner, her graciousness reminded one so much of Queen Alexandra and yet she has so much of her mother's dazzling personality as well.

These words, written for Queen Alexandra, are for Princess Marina as well: "She captured the affection of the whole land by her royal bearing, her womanly grace, and her fair, young, girlish beauty. With the eyes of thousands bent upon her with critical affection, her dignity, grace and sweet girlish face, never failed her or faltered for a moment. She gave us an unceasing recognition of our mighty enthusiasm for her: she bowed as though it delighted her to receive from and give to her new people, warm-hearted genuine devotion. She was proud of our pride in her."

I remember sitting opposite the Princess at a charity concert at the Albert Hall, where she was the guest of the Queen, and remarking to my hostess how well she fitted

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into our Royal family.

Princess Elizabeth was married on January 10th, 1934, in the private chapel of the Castle of Seefeld, near Munich. The wedding was delightful in its simplicity, and she made a lovely bride all in white, while her mother was in blue, a striking union of the Greek and also the Bavarian colours.

After Princess Elizabeth's wedding, Princess Olga, knowing how much Princess Marina would feel the separation from her sister, insisted on taking her back to Yugoslavia, where she remained until she came to London again with Prince and Princess Paul, who brought their son back to school in England. On this visit Princess Marina again met Prince George, as he then was, who visited them all at the hotel where they stayed. At that period they certainly felt a mutual attraction for one another. And what a handsome couple they made. Prince Paul, with his usual graciousness and known hospitality, suggested to the Duke of Kent that he might like to spend a week or two at their Slovenian home.

The Duke of Kent, who had never been in

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Jugoslavia, said he would love to come, but was unable then to give a definite answer. When, however, he was in Cowes, he suddenly decided to go to Jugoslavia, sending Prince Paul a telegram to say he would arrive by air about August 15th.

For the journey the Duke borrowed the Prince of Wales's aeroplane, and as the weather was not good, he had quite an uncomfortable flight from Croydon, with only a short halt in Paris. He arrived, however, before time and before Prince Paul himself could go to meet him at the aerodrome of Ljubljana, though Prince Paul's car was waiting there in readiness.

The simple life at Bohinj appealed to the English Prince. He felt at once quite at home and everybody loved him. The romantic scenery, the pure air, the simple elegance of the home, the beauty of the family life impressed him, and above all, there was Princess Marina, though when he started he had no idea she would be there. She had been staying with her sister in Munich, a town the royal bridegroom had also not yet seen. He thoroughly enjoyed the

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quiet and peaceful family life in Prince Paul's delightful corner of Jugoslavia. It was such a complete change after London to lounge under the giant pine-trees whilst the very welcome sun burnt his back. And the Royal suitor loved it. Then there were walks in the lovely woods, motor drives along the rugged picturesque road that leads to Bled and bathing in the transparent lake of Bohinj —this is the charming programme provided in Prince Paul's happy home. What an exquisite setting for a royal romance.

During their walks around this charming villa, the Duke of Kent soon saw that he and Princess Marina had everything in common. Art, literature, music and the union of their own hearts in particular. After five days he proposed, and when he was accepted, not wishing to trust this information to the indiscretion of a telegram, he sent a messenger to the King and Queen at Balmoral, asking for their consent to the marriage. This was readily given. They were engaged on Monday, 21st, shortly after midnight, when they sat in the cosy little salon of the villa where so many delightful parties have been

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given to Prince Paul's numerous friends, for he is a delightful host and most popular in European diplomatic circles. The following Monday the King's telegram arrived, expressing his and the Queen's delight at the engagement, and saying the official announcement would follow. From that moment her life has belonged to the affection of the people.

As one expected, when England's charming young Prince, popular and good-looking, announced his engagement, the whole world was filled with curiosity first of all; delight when they knew who the bride was; and delirious excitement when they actually had her among them in England.

It was my privilege to make that triumphant procession with Princess Marina from Jugoslavia to London, and everywhere she passed the enthusiasm grew.

In Munich, she had a few happy days with Princess Elizabeth, whilst the Duke of Kent in company of his future brothers-in-law, revelled in the artistic delights of Munich. As is well known, Prince Paul is a great art-lover, and no one could be a better

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guide than he in pointing out the various masterpieces of the beautiful Munich picture galleries to a visitor as keen to admire and learn as was Princess Marina's fiancé.

The welcome of Paris was also a delightful surprise to Princess Marina. She had so often walked about its streets as unnoticed as a pretty girl can be in Paris. She had been actually living in it for many years, and now she returned to a railway station arranged like war trenches with cameras on all sides and people hanging on to the carriage steps or perched on the lamp-posts for a peep at her and her bridegroom. And they both had a kind smile for them all.

As Prince and Princess Nicholas rarely leave Yugoslavia before the end of October, their home was closed and their servants away. They stayed in a hotel, while Princess Marina stayed with a friend of her girlhood. Photographers and cinema artists made no attempt to respect the privacy of the home, they simply rang and pushed into the house, flashing their dazzling lights at her, pulling about the furniture and even demanding speeches before the microphone. One day

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Princess Marina nearly fainted. Excusing herself for a few minutes she returned to the glaring lamps and, laughing, exclaimed, "I am not yet used to performing for the cinema." Photographers stood outside her door, they followed her to the dressmaker's, they cheered her in the streets, the Princess who had lived so unostentatiously amongst them for eleven years.

All along the route from the Paris train to Boulogne and Folkestone and up to London was one long procession of curious people, enthusiastic for the bride who was so much more beautiful than her photographs—these can never show her lovely colouring nor the expression of her fascinating eyes, changing rapidly from their flights into dreamland, to the merry expression which betrays in spite of herself how she is longing to have a real good laugh. No wonder London went crazy about her!

And like her namesake, St. Marina, her patience is remarkable, she made no protest, as day after day she and the Duke of Kent were almost mobbed by an adoring crowd wherever they went. In London, too,

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the enthusiastic spectators did not forget the Princess's father and mother, and on one occasion when Prince Nicholas drove up to M. de László's studio, the people so patiently waiting to get a glimpse of their future Princess sent up three hearty cheers for the bride's father. He was much amused!

Princess Marina and her parents were enthusiastic about Scotland, and I, for one, am overjoyed that our new Princess will bear a title, St. Andrew, that reminds me of my mother's birthplace, while her other title, Kent, brings back my happy schooldays in Rochester, about which I have so often spoken to the Princess in the family circle. Princess Marina's chauffeur, however, could not at first quite grasp the value of the new title, for he asked her: "How do I address Prince George, Your Royal Highness or Your Grace?"

In Scotland, Princess Marina was touched by the charming welcome extended to her by our King and Queen, who begged her to feel at home in her new country and to ask for anything she required. Small wonder that the Princess and her family were delighted

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at the simplicity and charm and distinction of the life at Balmoral. Princess Marina saw at once a likeness between Scotland and her beloved Greece—the wonderful Scotch sunsets, the blue mists mantling the hills and the long sharp horizons in the Highlands are, she declares, real pictures of Greece. She and her mother loved their tartan sashes, and the gillies' ball, where Princess Marina danced the reels with real enjoyment. To see our Queen dancing with the footman and the footman full of respect and no servility, delighted them all. "The Scotch are a great race," concluded Princess Marina. "Madame, didn't I always tell you so!" I replied.

The well-kept lawns, the tidy gardens, the exquisite flowers, our King's presentation of his future daughter-in-law to the assembled gillies, all delighted the Princess, but what she seems to have loved most of all were the pipers round the dinner table, and the solo piper playing the melodies of Scotland, again reminding her of Greece and its soul-stirring primitive music.

And now comes the question of the Prin-

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cess's trousseau. Forcibly delayed by spending time both in London and Paris sitting for M. de László's portrait of her, which is to be his wedding gift; and by what no one could foresee, her journey to Jugoslavia to pay her last tribute to the sovereign of the country which has meant so much to her whole life, the choice of her trousseau is still being made.

"If I had been consulted about our future Princess," said the head of an English store where the Princess deals, "I could not have chosen better," and naïve as this remark sounds it contains more than a grain of truth, and really expresses just what everyone feels. She has everything to take her straight into the hearts of the people and keep her there. And what is it? Not only her beauty, her charm, her culture and intelligence, but above all her own sweet nature, born partly of suffering and mostly of happiness, and a nature schooled above all in the right Christian spirit of love and service for others.'

"I am so happy," Princess Marina told me quite recently, "and what is the crown of all

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my happiness is the employment my wedding will bring to so many who need work so badly." . . . Even in her happiness, her first thought is for others.

The story of Princess Marina's life I have classed in my mind according to the Rosary mysteries: Joyful, Sorrowful, Glorious. She had her happy years in her beloved Greece, where she still hopes she may return one day: she has had her days of sorrow: and she has now stepped into the days of glory which those who love her hope sincerely will never end.

And so the wheel of fortune has turned, as turn it must for those who deserve it. Born in the purple, suffering with such courage and dignity as a result of other people's clumsy political bungling. If ever a family deserved happiness, it surely is the family of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece.

For this delightful royal couple have on both sides both wise and adorable parents; they have obeyed the Scriptures; and brought their children up in the way they should go, and now these children will be able to repay their love with love, and their sacrifices with

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a whole harvest of good works. To-day the public wants its young Royalties to give a lively enthusiasm to everything, to the social and economic welfare of the people, an interest in sport and, let us not forget, the arts. This we know the future Duke and *Duchess of Kent can and will give us.

And so we come to the end of the story of the fairy heroine, who met her Prince Charming. And now comes the wedding.

May the fairy Princess marry and live happy ever after. And may God bless her; for she is a very dear Princess, and a very dear friend.

